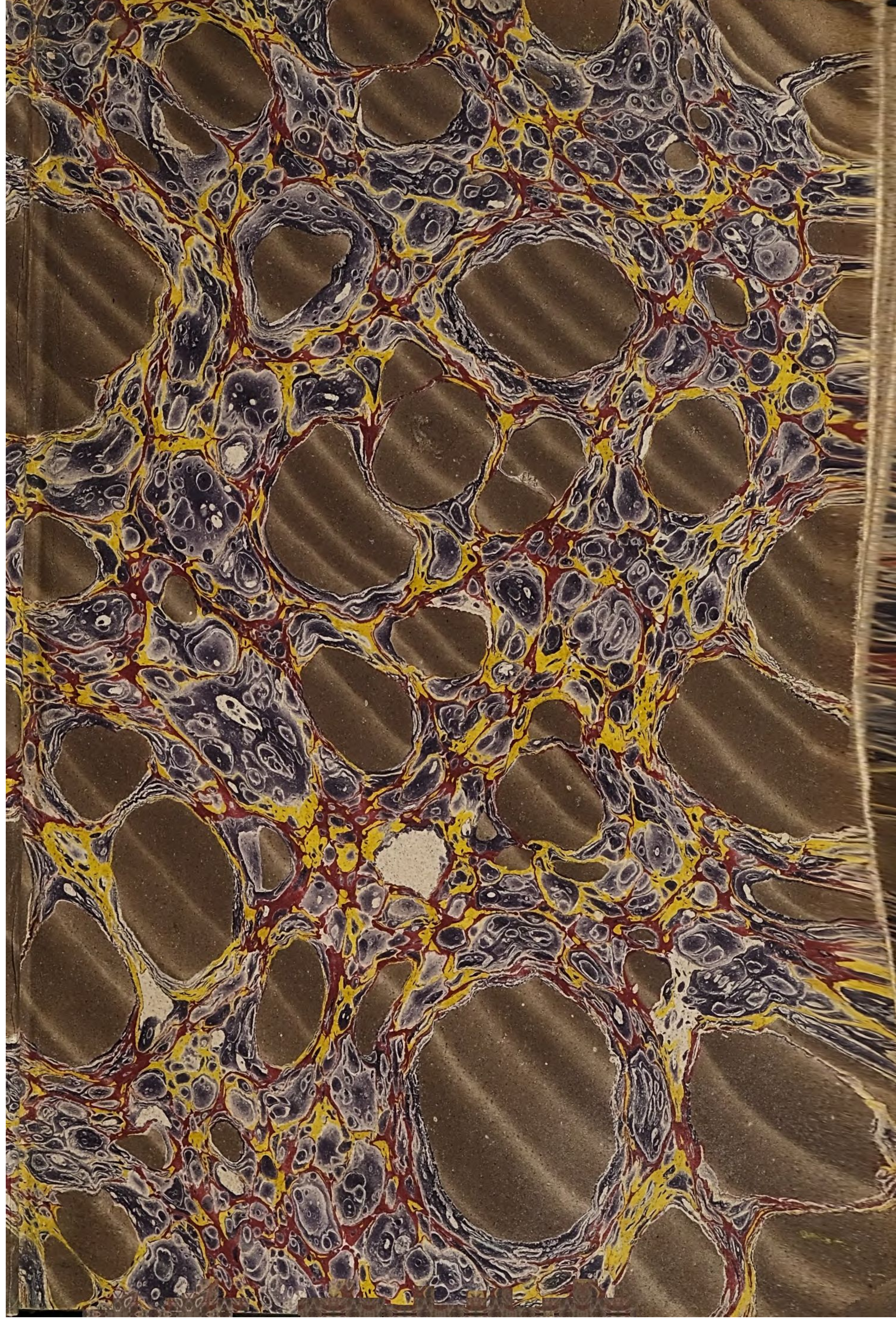






CAPT.^N GORDON,
Royal Navy.



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SNARLEY YOW,

OR

THE DOG FIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“PETER SIMPLE,” “FRANK MILD MAY,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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SNARLEY YOW.

CHAPTER I.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken, although at fault, comes in for the brush.

VANSLYPERKEN having obtained his despatches from the States General, called at the house of Mynheer Krause, and received the letters of Ramsay, then, once more, the cutter's head was turned towards England.

It may be as well to remind the reader, that it was in the month of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-nine, that we first introduced Mr. Vanslyperken and his contemporaries to his notice, and that all the important events,

which we have recorded, have taken place between that date and the month of May, which is now arrived. We think, indeed, that the peculiar merit of this work is its remarkable unity of time and place; for, be it observed, we intend to finish it long before the year is out, and our whole scene is, it may be said, laid in the channel, or between the channel and the Texel, which, considering it is an historical novel, is remarkable. Examine other productions of this nature, founded upon historical facts, like our own, and observe the difference. Read Scott, Bulwer, James, or Grattan, read their historical novels, and observe how they fly about from country to country, and from clime to clime. As the Scythians said to Alexander, their right arm extends to the east, and their left to the west, and the world can hardly contain them. And over how many years do they extend their pages? while our bantling is produced in the regular nine months, being the exact period of time which

is required for my three volumes. It must, therefore, be allowed that in unity of time, and place, and design, and adherence to facts, our historical novel is unique.

We said that it was the month of May—not May coming in as she does sometimes in her caprice, pouting, and out of humour—but May all in smiles. The weather was warm, and the sea was smooth, and the men of the cutter had stowed away their pea-jackets, and had pulled off their fishermen's boots, and had substituted shoes. Mr. Vanslyperken did not often appear on deck during the passage. He was very busy down below, and spread a piece of bunting across the skylight, so that no one could look down and see what he was about, and the cabin-door was almost always locked. What could Mr. Vanslyperken be about? No one knew but Snarley yow, and Snarley yow could not or would not tell.

The cutter anchored in her old berth, and Vanslyperken, as usual, went on shore, with

his double set of despatches, which were duly delivered; and then Mr. Vanslyperken went up the main street, and turned into a jeweller's shop. What could Mr. Vanslyperken do there? Surely it was to purchase something for the widow Vandersloosh—a necklace or pair of ear-rings. No, it was not with that intention; but nevertheless, Mr. Vanslyperken remained there for a long while, and then was seen to depart. Seen by whom? By Moggy Salisbury, who had observed his entering, and who could not imagine why; she, however, said nothing, but she marked the shop, and walked away.

The next day, Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, to put into his mother's charge the money which he had received from Ramsay, and narrated all that had passed—how Smallbones had swallowed two-pennyworth of arsenic with no more effect upon him than one twinge in his stomach, and how he now fully believed that nothing would kill the boy.

“Pshaw! child—phut!—nonsense!—nothing kill him?—had he been in my hands, old as they are, and shaking as they do, he would not have lived; no, no—nobody escapes me when I am determined. We’ll talk about that, but not now, Cornelius; the weather has turned warm at last, and there is no need of fire. Go, child, the money is locked up safe, and I have my mood upon me—I may even do you a mischief.”

Vanslyperken, who knew that it was useless to remain after this hint, walked off and returned on board. As he pulled off, he passed a boat, apparently coming from the cutter, with Moggy Salisbury sitting in the stern-sheets. She waved her hand at him, and laughed ironically.

“Impudent hussy!” thought Vanslyperken, as she passed, but he dared not say a word. He turned pale with rage, and turned his head away; but little did he imagine, at the time, what great cause he had of indignation. Moggy

had been three hours on board of the cutter talking with the men, but more particularly with Smallbones and the corporal, with which two she had been in earnest conference for the first hour that she was on board.

Moggy's animosity to Vanslyperken is well known, and she ridiculed the idea of Snarley-yow being anything more than an uncommon lucky dog in escaping so often. Smallbones was of her opinion, and again declared his intention of doing the dog a mischief as soon as he could. Moggy, after her conference with these two, mixed with the ship's company, with whom she had always been a favourite, and the corporal proceeded to superintend the cutting up and the distribution of the fresh beef which had that morning come on board.

The beef block was on the forecastle, where the major part of the crew, with Moggy, were assembled; Snarley-yow had always attended the corporal on these occasions, and was still the best of friends with him; for somehow or

another, the dog had not seemed to consider the corporal a party to his brains being knocked out, but had put it all down to his natural enemy, Smallbones. The dog was, as usual, standing by the block close to the corporal, and picking up the fragments of beef which dropped from the chopper.

“I vowed by gum, that I’d have that ere dog’s tail off,” observed Smallbones; “and if no one will peach, off it shall go now. And who cares? If I can’t a kill him dead, I’ll get rid of him by bits. There’s one eye out already, and now I’ve a mind for his tail. Corporal, lend me the cleaver.”

“Bravo, Smallbones, we won’t peach—not one of us.”

“I’m not sure of that,” replied Moggy; “some won’t, I know; but there are others who may, and then Smallbones will be keel-hauled as sure as fate, and Vanslyperken will have right on his side. No, no, Smallbones

—you must not do it. Give me the cleaver, corporal, I'll do it; and any one may tell him who pleases, when he comes on board. I don't care for him—and he knows it, corporal. Hand me the cleaver.”

“That's right, let Moggy do it,” said the seamen.

The corporal turned the dog round, so as to leave his tail on the block, and fed him with small pieces of meat, to keep him in the same position.

“Are you all ready, Moggy?” said Smallbones.

“Back him a little more on the block, corporal, for I won't leave him an inch if I can help it,” said Moggy; “and stand farther back, all of you.”

Moggy raised the cleaver, took good aim—down it came upon the dog's tail, which was separated within an inch of its insertion, and was left bleeding on the block, while the dog

sprang away aft, howling most terribly, and leaving a dotted line of blood to mark his course upon the deck.

“There’s a nice skewer-piece for any one who fancies it,” observed Moggy, looking at the dog’s tail, and throwing down the cleaver. “I think Mr. Vanslyperken has had enough now for trying to flog my Jemmy—my own duck of a husband.”

“Well,” observed Coble, “seein’g’s believing; but, otherwise, I never should have thought it possible to have divided that ere dog’s tail in that way.”

“He can’t be much of a devil now,” observed Bill Spurey; “for what’s a devil without a tail? A devil is like a serpent, whose sting is in his tail.”

“Yes,” replied Short, who had looked on in silence.

“But, I say, Moggy, perhaps it’s as well for him not to find you on board.”

“What do I care?” replied Moggy. “He is more afraid of me than I of him; but, however, it’s just as well not to be here, as it may get others in trouble. Mind you say at once it was me—I defy him.”

Moggy then wished them good-bye, and quitted the cutter, when she was met, as we have already observed, by Vanslyperken.

“Mein Gott! vat must be done now?” observed the corporal to those about him, looking at the mangy tail which still remained on the beef-block.

“Done, corporal,” replied Smallbones, “why, you must come for to go for to complain on it, as he comes on board. You must take the tail, and tell the tale, and purtend to be as angry and as sorry as himself, and damn *her* up in heaps. That’s what must be done.”

This was not bad advice on the part of Smallbones—the ship’s company agreed to it, and the corporal perceived the propriety of it.

In the mean time, the dog had retreated to the cabin, and his howlings had gradually ceased ; but he had left a track of blood along the deck, and down the ladder, which Dick Short perceiving, pointed to it, and cried out "Swabs."

The men brought swabs aft, and had cleaned the deck and the ladder down to the cabin door, when Mr. Vanslyperken came on board.

"Has that woman been here?" inquired Mr. Vanslyperken, as he came on deck.

"Yes," replied Dick Short.

"Did not I give positive orders that she should not?" cried Vanslyperken.

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then I do now," continued the lieutenant.

"Too late," observed Short, shrugging up his shoulders, and walking forward.

"Too late! what does he mean?" said Vanslyperken, turning to Coble.

“I knows nothing about it, sir,” replied Coble. “She came for some of her husband’s things that were left on board.”

Vanslyperken turned round to look for the corporal for explanation.

There stood corporal Van Spitter, perfectly erect, with a very melancholy face, one hand raised as usual to his cap, and the other occupied with the tail of Snarley yow.

“What is it? what is the matter, corporal?”

“Mynheer Vanslyperken,” replied the corporal, retaining his respectful attitude, “here is de tail.”

“Tail! what tail?” exclaimed Vanslyperken, casting his eyes upon the contents of the corporal’s left hand.

“Te tog’s tail, mynheer,” replied the corporal, gravely, “which de dam tog’s wife—Moggy——”

Vanslyperken stared; he could scarcely credit his eyesight, but there it was. For a time he

could not speak for agitation ; at last, with a tremendous oath, he darted into the cabin.

What were his feelings when he beheld Snarley yow lying in a corner tailless, with a puddle of blood behind him.

“My poor, poor dog !” exclaimed Vanslyperken, covering up his face.

His sorrow soon changed to rage—he invoked all the curses he could imagine upon Moggy’s head—he vowed revenge—he stamped with rage—and then he patted Snarley yow ; and as the beast looked wistfully in his face, Vanslyperken shed tears. “My poor, poor dog ! first your eye—and now your tail—what will your persecutors require next ? Perdition seize them ! may perdition be my portion if I am not revenged. Smallbones is at the bottom of all this ; I can—I will be revenged on him.”

Vanslyperken rang the bell, and the corporal made his appearance with the dog’s tail still in his hand.

“Lay it down on the table, corporal,” said Vanslyperken, mournfully, “and tell me how this happened.”

The corporal then entered into a long detail of the way in which the dog had been *detailed*—how he had been cutting up beef—and how while his back was turned, and Snarley yow, as usual, was at the block, picking up the bits, Moggy Salisbury, who had been allowed to come on board by Mr. Short, had caught up the cleaver and chopped off the dog’s tail.

“Was Smallbones at the block?” inquired Vanslyperken.

“He was, mynheer,” replied the corporal.

“Who held the dog while his tail was chopped off?” inquired Vanslyperken; “some one must have held him.”

This was a home question; but the corporal replied, “Yes, mynheer, some one must have held the dog.”

“ You did not hear who it was, or if it were Smallbones ?”

“ I did not, mynheer,” replied the corporal ; “ but,” added he with a significant look, “ I tink I could say.”

“ Yes, yes, corporal, I know who you mean. It was him—I am sure—and as sure as I sit here I’ll be revenged. Bring a swab, corporal, and wipe up all this blood. Do you think the poor animal will recover ?”

“ Yes, mynheer ; there be togs with tail and togs without tail.”

“ But the loss of blood—what must be done to stop the bleeding ?”

“ Dat d——n woman Moggy, when I say te tog die—tog bleed to death, she say, tell Mynheer Vanslyperken dat de best ting for cure de cur be de red hot poker.”

Here Vanslyperken stamped his feet and swore horribly.

“ She say, mynheer, it stop all de bleeding.”

“I wish she had a hot poker down her body,” exclaimed Vanslyperken, bitterly.

“Go for the swab, corporal, and send Smallbones here.”

Smallbones made his appearance.

“Did you come for—to want me, sir?”

“Yes, sir. I understand from the corporal that you held the dog while that woman cut off his tail.”

“If so be as how as the corporal says that ere,” cried Smallbones, striking the palm of his left hand with his right fist, “why I am jiggered if he don’t tell a lie as big as himself—that’s all. That ere man is my mortal henemy; and if that ere dog gets into trouble I’m a sartain to be in trouble too. What should I cut the dog’s tail off for, I should like for to know? I arn’t so hungry as all that, any how.”

The idea of eating his dog’s tail increased the choler of Mr. Vanslyperken. With looks

of malignant vengeance he ordered Smallbones out of the cabin.

“ Shall I shy this here overboard, sir ?” said Smallbones, taking up the dog’s tail, which lay on the table.

“ Drop it, sir,” roared Vanslyperken.

Smallbones walked away, grinning with delight, but his face was turned from Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal returned, swabbed up the blood, and reported that the bleeding had stopped. Mr. Vanslyperken had no further orders for him—he wished to be left alone. He leaned his head upon his hand, and remained for some time in a melancholy reverie, with his eyes fixed upon the tail, which lay before him—that tail, now a “bleeding piece of earth,” which never was to welcome him with a wag again. What passed in Vanslyperken’s mind during this time, it would be too difficult and too long to repeat, for the mind flies over

time and space with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. At last he rose, took up the dog's tail, put it into his pocket, went on deck, ordered his boat, and pulled on shore.

CHAPTER II.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken drives a very hard bargain.

WE will be just and candid in our opinion relative to the historical facts which we are now narrating. Party spirit, and various other feelings, independent of misrepresentation, do, at the time, induce people to form their judgment, to say the best, harshly, and but too often, incorrectly. It is for posterity to calmly weigh the evidence handed down, and to examine into the merits of a case divested of party bias. Actuated by these feelings, we do not hesitate to assert, that, in the point at question, Mr. Vanslyperken had great cause for being displeased; and that the conduct of Moggy Salisbury, in

cutting off the tail of Snarley yow: was, in our opinion, not justifiable.

There is a respect for property, inculcated and protected by the laws, which should never be departed from ; and, whatever may have been the aggressions on the part of Mr. Vanslyperken, or of the dog, still a tail is a tail, and whether mangy or not, is *bonâ fide* a part of the living body ; and this aggression must inevitably come under the head of the cutting and maiming act, which act, however, it must, with the same candour which will ever guide our pen, be acknowledged, was not passed until a much later period than that to the history of which our narrative refers.

Having thus, with all deference, offered our humble opinion, we shall revert to facts. Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, with the dog's tail in his pocket. He walked with rapid strides towards the half-way houses, in one of which was the room tenanted by his aged mo-

ther ; for, to whom else could he apply for consolation in this case of severe distress ? That it was Moggy Salisbury who gave the cruel blow, was a fact completely substantiated by evidence ; but that it was Smallbones who held the dog, and who thereby became an active participator, and therefore equally culpable, was a surmise to which the insinuations of the corporal had given all the authority of direct evidence. And, as Mr. Vanslyperken felt that Moggy was not only out of his power, but even if in his power, that he dare not retaliate upon her, for reasons which we have already explained to our readers ; it was, therefore, clear to him, that Smallbones was the party upon whom his indignation could be the most safely vented : and, moreover, that in so doing, he was only paying off a long accumulating debt of hatred and ill-will. But, at the same time, Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind that a lad who could be floated out to the Nab buoy and back again without sinking—who could have a

bullet through his head without a mark remaining—and who could swallow a whole twopennyworth of arsenic without feeling more than a twinge in his stomach, was not so very easy to be made away with. That the corporal's vision was no fiction, was evident—the lad was not to be hurt by mortal man; but although the widow's arsenic had failed, Mr. Vanslyperken, in his superstition, accounted for it on the grounds that the woman was not the active agent on the occasion, having only prepared the herring, it not having been received from her hands by Smallbones. The reader may recollect that, in the last interview between Vanslyperken and his mother, the latter had thrown out hints that if she took Smallbones in hand he would not have such miraculous escapes as he had had, as, in all she undertook, she did her business thoroughly. Bearing this in mind, Mr. Vanslyperken went to pour forth his sorrows, and to obtain the assistance of his much-to-be-respected and venerable mother.

“Well, child, what is it—is it money you bring?” cried the old woman, when Vanslyperken entered the room.

“No, mother,” replied Vanslyperken, throwing himself on the only chair in the room, except the one with the legs cut off half-way up, upon which his mother was accustomed to rock herself before the grate.

“No, mother; but I have brought something—and I come to you for advice and assistance.”

“Brought no money—yet brought something!—well, child, what have you brought?”

“This!” exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing the dog’s tail down upon the table.

“This!” repeated the old beldame, lifting up the tail, and examining it as well as she could, as the vibration of her palsied members were communicated to the article—“and pray, child, what is this?”

“Are you blind, old woman,” replied Vanslyperken in wrath, “not to perceive that it is my poor dog’s tail?”

“Blind old woman! and dog’s tail, eh!

Blind old woman, eh ! Mr. Cornelius, you dare to call me a blind old woman, and to bring here the mangy tail of a dog—and to lay it on my table ! Is this your duty, sirrah ? How dare you take such liberties ? There, sir,” cried the hag in a rage, catching hold of the tail, and sending it flying out of the casement, which was open—“there, sir—and now you may follow your tail. D’ye hear ?—leave the room instantly, or I’ll cleave your craven skull. Blind old woman, forsooth—undutiful child——”

Vanslyperken, in spite of his mother’s indignation, could not prevent his eyes from following the tail of his dog, as it sailed through the ambient air surrounding the half-way houses, and was glad to observe it landed among some cabbage-leaves thrown into the road, without attracting notice. Satisfied that he should regain his treasure when he quitted the house, he now turned round to deprecate his mother’s wrath, who had not yet completed the sentence which we have quoted above.

“I supplicate your pardon, my dear mother,”

said Vanslyperken, who felt that in her present humour he was not likely to gain the point with her that he had in contemplation. "I was so vexed—so irritated—that I knew not what I was saying."

"Blind old woman, indeed," repeated the beldame.

"I again beg you to forgive me, dearest mother," continued Vanslyperken.

"All about a dog's tail cut off. Better off than on—so much the less mange on the snarling cur."

This was touching up Vanslyperken on the raw; but he had a great object in view, and he restrained his feelings.

"I was wrong, mother—very wrong—but I have done all I can, I have begged your pardon. I came here for your advice and assistance."

"What advice or assistance can you expect from a blind old woman?" retorted the old hag. "And what advice or assistance does so undutiful a child deserve?"

It was some time before the ruffled temper of the beldame could be appeased: at last, Vanslyperken succeeded. He then entered into a detail of all that had passed, and concluded by observing, "that as Smallbones was not to be injured by mortal man, he had come to her for assistance."

"That is to say—you have come to me to ask me to knock the lad's brains out—to take away his life—to murder him, in fact. Say, Cornelius, is it not so?"

"It is exactly so, my dearest mother. I know your courage—your——"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that; but, now hear me, child. There are deeds which are done, and which I have done, but those deeds are only done upon strong impulses. Murder is one; but people murder for two reasons only—for revenge and for gold. People don't do such acts as are to torture their minds here, and perhaps be punished hereafter—that is, if there be one, child. I say, people don't do

such deeds as these, merely because a graceless son comes to them, and says, 'If you please, mother.' Do you understand that, child? I've blood enough on my hands already—good blood too—they are not defiled with the scum of a parish boy, nor shall they be, without——”

“Without what, mother?”

“Have I not told you, Cornelius, that there are but two great excitements—revenge and gold? I have no revenge against the lad. If you have—if you consider that a dog's tail demands a human victim—well and good—do the deed yourself.”

“I would,” cried Vanslyperken, “but I have tried in vain. It must be done by woman.”

“Then hear me, Cornelius; if it must be done by woman, you must find a woman to do it, and you must pay her for the deed. Murder is at a high price. You apply to me—I am content to do the deed; but I must have gold—and plenty too.”

Vanslyperken paused before he replied. The old woman had charge of all his money—she was on the verge of the grave—for what could she require his gold?—could she be so foolish?—it was insanity. Vanslyperken was right—it was insanity, for avarice is no better.

“Do you mean, mother,” replied Vanslyperken, “that you want gold from me?”

“From whom else?” demanded the old woman sharply.

“Take it, then, mother—take as many pieces as you please.”

“I must have all that there is in that chest, Cornelius.”

“All, mother?”

“Yes, all; and what is it, after all? What price is too high for blood which calls for retribution? Besides, Cornelius, it must be all yours again when I die; but I shall not die yet—no, no.”

“Well, mother,” replied Vanslyperken, “if it must be so, it shall all be yours—not that I

can see what difference it makes, whether it is called yours or mine."

"Then why not give it freely? Why do you hesitate to give to your poor old mother what may be again yours before the leaf again falls? Ask yourself why, Cornelius, and then you have my answer. The gold is here in my charge, but it is not *my* gold—it is yours. You little think how often I've laid in bed and longed that it was all *mine*. Then I would count it—count it again and again—watch over it, not as I do now as a mere deposit in my charge, but as a mother would watch and smile upon her first-born child. There is a talisman in that word *mine*, that not approaching *death* can wean from *life*. It is our natures, child—say, then, is all that gold *mine*?"

Vanslyperken paused; he also felt the magic of the word; and although it was but a nominal and temporary divestment of the property, even that gave him a severe struggle; but his avarice was overcome by his feelings of revenge, and

he answered solemnly, "As I hope for revenge, mother *all* that gold is *yours*, provided that you do the deed."

Here the old hag burst into a sort of shrieking laugh. "Send him here, child;" and the almost unearthly cachinnation was continued—"send him here, child—I can't go to seek him—and it is done—only bring him here."

So soon as this compact had been completed, Vanslyperken and his mother had a consultation; and it was agreed, that it would be advisable not to attempt the deed until the day before the cutter sailed, as it would remove all suspicion, and be supposed that the boy had deserted. This arrangement having been made, Vanslyperken made rather a hasty retreat. The fact was, that he was anxious to recover the fragment of Snarley yow, which his mother had so contemptuously thrown out of the casement.

CHAPTER III.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taken for a witch.

MR. Vanslyperken hastened into the street, and walked towards the heap of cabbage-leaves, in which he observed the object of his wishes to have fallen ; but there was some one there before him, an old sow, very busy groping among the refuse. Although Vanslyperken came on shore without even a stick in his hand, he had no fear of a pig, and walked up boldly to drive her away, fully convinced that, although she might like cabbage, not being exactly carnivorous, he should find the tail in *statu quo*. But it appeared that the sow not only would not stand being interfered with, but,

moreover, was carnivorously inclined; for she was at that very moment routing the tail about with her nose, and received Vanslyperken's advance with a very irascible grunt, throwing her head up at him with a savage augh? and then again busied herself with the fragment of Snarley yow. Vanslyperken, who had started back, perceived that the sow was engaged with the very article in question; and finding it was a service of more danger than he had expected, picked up one or two large stones, and threw them at the animal to drive her away. This mode of attack had the effect desired in one respect; the sow made a retreat, but at the same time she would not retreat without the *bonne bouche*, which she carried away in her mouth.

Vanslyperken followed; but the sow proved that she could fight as well as run, every minute turning round to bay, and chumping and grumbling in a very formidable manner. At last, after Vanslyperken had chased for a quarter of a mile, he received unexpected as-

sistance from a large dog, who bounded from the side of the road, where he lay in the sun, and seizing the sow by the ear, made her drop the tail to save her own bacon.

Vanslyperken was delighted; he hastened up as fast as he could to regain his treasure, when, to his mortification, the great dog, who had left the sow, arrived at the spot before him, and after smelling at the not one bone, but many bones of contention, he took it in his mouth, and trotted off to his former berth in the sunshine, laid himself down, and the tail before him.

“Surely one dog won’t eat another dog’s tail,” thought Vanslyperken, as he walked up to the animal; but an eye like fire, a deep growl, and exposure of a range of teeth, equal to a hyena’s, convinced Mr. Vanslyperken that it would be wise to retreat—which he did, to a respectable distance, and attempted to coax the dog. “Poor doggy, there’s a dog,” cried Vanslyperken, snapping his fingers, and approach-

ing gradually. To his horror, the dog did the same thing exactly: he rose, and approached Mr. Vanslyperken gradually, and snapped his fingers: not content with that, he flew at him, and tore the skirt of his great coat clean off, and also the hinder part of his trousers, for Mr. Vanslyperken immediately turned tail, and the dog appeared resolved to have his tail as well as that of his darling cur. Satisfied with about half a-yard of broad-cloth as a trophy, the dog returned to his former situation, and remained with the tail of the coat and the tail of the cur before him, with his fierce eyes fixed upon Mr. Vanslyperken, who had now retreated to a greater distance.

But this transaction was not unobserved by several of the people who inhabited the street of cottages. Many eyes were directed to where Mr. Vanslyperken and the sow and dog had been at issue, and many were the conjectures thereon.

When the dog retreated with the skirt of the great coat, many came out to ascertain

what was the cause of the dispute, and among others, the man to whom the dog belonged, and who lived at the cottage opposite to where the dog had lain down. He observed Vanslyperken, looking very much like a vessel whose sails have been split in a gale, and very rueful at the same time, standing at a certain distance, quite undecided how to act, and he called out to him, "What is it you may want with my dog, man?"

Man! Vanslyperken thought this designation an affront; whereas, in our opinion, Vanslyperken was an affront to the name of man "Man!" exclaimed Vanslyperken; "why your dog has taken my property!"

"Then take your property," replied the other, tossing to him the skirt of his coat, which he had taken from the dog.

By this time there was a crowd collected from out of the various surrounding tenements.

“That’s not all,” exclaimed Vanslyperken; “he has got my dog’s tail there.”

“Your dog’s tail!” exclaimed the man, “what do you mean? Is it this ragged mangy thing you would have?” and the man took the tail of Snarley yow, and held it up to the view of the assembled crowd.

“Yes,” replied Vanslyperken, coming towards the man with eagerness; “that is what I want,” and he held out his hand to receive it.

“And pray, may I ask,” replied the other, looking very suspiciously at Vanslyperken, “what can you want with this piece of carrion?”

“To make soup of,” replied another, laughing; “he can’t afford ox-tail.”

Vanslyperken made an eager snatch at his treasure; but the man lifted it up on the other side, out of his reach.

“Let us have a look at this chap,” said the first, examining Vanslyperken, whose peaked nose and chin, small ferret-eyes, and downcast

look, were certainly not in his favour; neither were his old and now tattered habiliments. Certainly no one would have taken Vanslyperken for a king's officer—unfortunately they took him for something else.

“Now tell me, fellow, what were you going to do with this?” inquired the man in a severe tone.

I sha'n't tell you,” replied Vanslyperken.

“Why that's the chap that I sees go in and out of the room where that old hell-fire witch lives, who curses all day long.”

“I thought as much,” observed the man, who still held up the cur's tail. “Now I appeal to you all, what can a fellow want with such a thing as this—ay, my good people, and want it so much too, as to risk being torn to pieces for it—if he arn't inclined to evil practices?”

“That's sartain sure,” replied another.

“A witch — a witch !” cried the whole crowd.

“ Let’s duck him—tie his thumbs—away with him—come along, my lads, away with him.”

Although there were not, at the time we write about, regular witch-finders, as in the time of James I., still the feeling against witches, and the belief that they practised, still existed. They were no longer handed over to summary and capital punishment, but whenever suspected they were sure to meet with very rough treatment. Such was the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was now seized by the crowd, buffeted, and spit upon, and dragged to the parish pump, there being, fortunately for him, no horse-pond near. After having been well beaten, pelted with mud, his clothes torn off his back, his hat taken away and stamped upon, he was held under the pump and drenched for nearly half an hour, until he lay beneath the spout in a state of complete exhaustion. The crowd were then satisfied, and he was left to get away how he could, which he did, after a

time, in a most deplorable plight, bare-headed, in his shirt and torn trousers. He contrived to walk as far as to the house where his mother resided, was admitted to her room, when he fell exhausted on the bed. The old woman was astonished; and having some gin in her cupboard, revived him by administering a small quantity, and, in the course of half an hour, Vanslyperken could tell his story; but all the consolation he received from the old beldame was, "Serve you right too, for being such an ass. I suppose you'll be bringing the stupid people about my ears soon—they've hooted me before now. Ah, well—I'll not be pumped upon for nothing—my knife is a sharp one."

Vanslyperken had clothes under his mother's charge, and he dressed himself in another suit, and then hastened away, much mortified and confounded with the latter events of the day. The result of his arrangements with his mother was, however, a balm to his wounded spirit, and he looked upon Smallbones as already dead.

He hastened down into his cabin, as soon as he arrived on board, to ascertain the condition of Snarley yow, whom he found as well as could be expected, and occasionally making unavailing attempts to lick the stump of his tail.

“My poor dog!” exclaimed Vanslyperken, “what have you suffered, and what have I suffered for you? Alas! if I am to suffer as I have to-day for only your tail, what shall I go through for your whole body?” And, as Vanslyperken recalled his misfortunes, so did his love increase for the animal who was the cause of them. Why so, we cannot tell, except that it has been so from the beginning, is so now, and always will be the case, for the best of all possible reasons—that it is *human nature*.

CHAPTER IV.

In which is recorded a most barbarous and bloody murder.

WE observed, in a previous chapter, that Mr. Vanslyperken was observed by Moggy Salisbury to go into a jeweller's shop, and remain there some time, and that Moggy was very inquisitive to know what it was that could induce Mr. Vanslyperken to go into so unusual a resort for him.

The next day she went into the shop upon a pretence of looking at some ear-rings, and attempted to enter into conversation with the jeweller; but the jeweller, not perhaps admiring Moggy's appearance, and not thinking her

likely to be a customer, dismissed her with very short answers. Failing in her attempt, Moggy determined to wait till Nancy Corbet should come over, for she knew that Nancy could dress and assume the fine lady, and be more likely to succeed than herself. But although Moggy could not penetrate into the mystery, it is necessary the reader should be informed of the proceedings of Mr. Vanslyperken.

When Ramsay had shown him how to open the government despatches, and had provided him with the false seals for the re-impressions, he forgot that he also was pointing out to Vanslyperken the means of also opening his own, and discovering his secrets, as well as those of government; but Vanslyperken, who hated Ramsay, on account of his behaviour towards him, and would with pleasure have seen the whole of his party, as well as himself, on the gibbet, thought that it might be just as well to have two strings to his bow: and he argued,

that if he could open the letters of the conspirators, and obtain their secrets, they would prove valuable to him, and perhaps save his neck, if he were betrayed to the government. On his passage, therefore, to Amsterdam, he had carefully examined the seal of Ramsay, and also that on the letters forwarded to him ; and, having made a drawing, and taken the impression in wax, as a further security, he had applied to the jeweller in question to get him seals cut out with these impressions, and of the exact form and size. The jeweller, who cared little what he did, provided that he was well paid, asked no questions, but a very high price, and Vanslyperken, knowing that they would be cheap to him at any price, closed with him on his own terms, provided that they were immediately forthcoming. In the week, according to the agreement, the seals were prepared. Mr. Vanslyperken paid his money, and now was waiting for orders to sail.

The dog's stump was much better.

On the ninth day, a summons to the admiral's house was sent, and Vanslyperken was ordered to hold himself in readiness to sail the next morning at daylight. He immediately repaired to the Jew's, to give intimation, and from thence to his mother's to prepare her for the arrival of Smallbones that evening a little before dusk.

Vanslyperken had arranged that, as soon as the murder had been committed, he would go to the Jew's for letters, and then hasten on board, sailing the next morning at daylight; so that if there was any discovery, the whole onus might be on his mother, who, for all he cared, might be hung. It is a true saying, that a good mother makes a good son.

When Vanslyperken intimated to Smallbones that he was going on shore in the evening, and should take him with him, the lad did not forget the last walk that he had in company with his master, and, apprehensive

that some mischief was intended, he said, "I hope it arn't for to fetch another walk in the country, sir?"

"No, no," replied Vanslyperken, "it's to take some biscuit up to a poor old woman close by. I don't want to be robbed, any more than you do, Smallbones."

But the very quick reply of his master only increased the apprehension of Smallbones, who left the cabin, and hastened to Corporal Van Spitter, to consult with him.

Corporal Van Spitter was of the same opinion as Smallbones, that mischief was intended him, and offered to provide him with a pistol; but Smallbones who knew little about fire-arms, requested that he might have a bayonet instead, which he could use better. He was supplied with this, which he concealed within his shirt, and when ordered, he went into the boat with Vanslyperken. They landed, and it was dark before they arrived at the half-way houses. Vanslyperken as-

cended the stairs, and ordered Smallbones to follow him. As soon as they were in the room, Mr. Vanslyperken said, "Here is the biscuit, good woman, and much good may it do you."

"It's very kind of you, sir, and many thanks. It's not often that people are charitable now-a-days, and this has been a hard winter for poor folk. Put the bag down there, my good little fellow," continued the old hypocrite, addressing Smallbones.

"And now, good woman, I shall leave my lad with you, till I come back. I have to call at a friend's, and I need not take him. Smallbones, stay here till I return; get the biscuit out of the bag, as we must take that on board again."

Smallbones had no objection to remain with a withered, palsied old woman. He could have no fear of her, and he really began to think that his master had been guilty of charity.

Mr. Vanslyperken departed, leaving Smallbones in company with his mother.

“Come now, my lad, come to the chair, and sit down by the fire,” for a fire had been lighted by the old woman expressly, “sit down, and I’ll see if I can find you something in my cupboard; I have, I know, a drop of cordial left somewhere. Sit down, child; you have had the kindness to bring the bread up for me, and I am grateful.”

The tones of the old beldame’s voice were very different from those she usually indulged in; there was almost a sweetness about them, which proved what she might have effected at the period when she was fair and young. Smallbones felt not the least disquietude; he sat down in the chair by the fire, while the old woman looked in the cupboard behind him for the cordial, of which she poured him a good allowance in a teacup.

Smallbones sipped and sipped, he was not in a hurry to get rid of it, as it was good; the

old woman went again to the cupboard, rattled the things about a little, and then, on a sudden, taking out a large hammer, as Smallbones unconsciously sipped, she raised it with both her hands, and down came the blow on his devoted head.

The poor lad dropped the cup, sprang up convulsively, staggered, and then fell. Once he rolled over, his leg quivered, and he then moved no more.

The beldame watched him with the hammer in her hand, ready to repeat the blow if necessary, indeed she would have repeated it had it not been that after he fell, in turning over, Smallbones's head had rolled under the low bedstead where she slept.

“My work is sure,” muttered she, “and *all the gold is mine.*”

Again she watched, but there was no motion—a stream of blood appeared from under the bed, and ran in a little rivulet towards the fireplace.

“I wish I could pull him out,” said the old woman, lugging at the lad’s legs; “another blow or two would make more sure.” But the effort was above her strength, and she abandoned it. “It’s no matter,” muttered she; “he’ll never tell tales again.”

But there the old hag was mistaken; Smallbones had been stunned, but not killed; the blow of the hammer had fortunately started off, divided the flesh of the skull for three inches, with a gash which descended to his ear. At the very time that she uttered her last expressions, Smallbones was recovering his senses, but he was still confused, as if in a dream.

“Yes, yes,” said the old woman, after some minutes’ pause, “all the gold is mine.”

The lad heard this sentence, and he now remembered where he was, and what had taken place. He was about to rise, when there was a knocking at the door, and he lay still. It

was Vanslyperken. The door was opened by the old beldame.

“Is it done?” said he, in a loud whisper.

“Done!” cried the hag; “yes, and well done. Don’t tell me of charmed life. My blows are sure—see there.”

“Are you sure that he is dead?”

“Quite sure, child—and all the gold is mine.”

Vanslyperken looked with horror at the stream of blood still flowing, and absorbed by the ashes in the grate.

“It was you did it mother; recollect it was not I,” cried he.

“I did it—and you paid for it—and all the gold is mine.”

“But are you quite sure that he is dead?”

“Sure—yes, and in judgment now, if there is any.”

Vanslyperken surveyed the body of Small-

bones, who, although he had heard every word, lay without motion, for he knew his life depended on it. After a minute or two the lieutenant was satisfied.

“I must go on board now, mother; but what will you do with the body?”

“Leave that to me; who ever comes in here? Leave that to me, craven, and, as you say, go on board.”

Vanslyperken opened the door, and went out of the room; the old hag made the door fast, and then sat down on the chair, which she replaced by the side of the fire, with her back to Smallbones.

The lad felt very faint from loss of blood, and was sick at the stomach, but his senses were in their full vigour. He now was assured that Vanslyperken was gone, and that he had only the old woman opposed to him. His courage was unsubdued, and he resolved to act in self-defence if required; and he softly drew the bayonet out of his breast, and then

watched the murderous old hag, who was rocking herself in the chair.

“Yes, yes, the gold is mine,” muttered she — “I’ve won it, and I’ll count it. I won it dearly;—another murder—well, ’tis but one more. Let me see, what shall I do with the body? I must burn it, by bits and bits—and I’ll count the gold—it’s all mine, for he’s dead.”

Here the old woman turned round to look at the body, and her keen eyes immediately perceived that there was a slight change of position.

“Heh!” cried she, “not quite dead yet; we must have the hammer again,” and she rose from her chair, and walked with an unsteady pace to pick up the hammer, which was at the other side of the fire-place. Smallbones, who felt that now was his time, immediately rose, but before he could recover his feet, she had turned round to him: with a sort of low yell, she darted at him with an agility not to be

imagined in one of her years and decrepit appearance, and struck at him. Smallbones raised his left arm, and received the blow, and with his right plunged the bayonet deep into the wrinkled throat of the old woman. She grappled with him, and the struggle was dreadful; she caught his throat in one of her bony hands, and the nails pierced into it like the talons of a bird of prey—the fingers of the other she inserted into the jagged and gaping wound on his head, and forced the flesh still more asunder, exerting all her strength to force him on his back; but the bayonet was still in her throat, and with the point descending towards the body, and Smallbones forced and forced it down, till it was buried to the hilt. In a few seconds the old hag loosed her hold, quivered, and fell back dead; and the lad was so exhausted with the struggle, and his previous loss of blood, that he fell into a swoon at the side of the corpse.

When Smallbones recovered, the candle was

flickering in the socket. He rose up in a sitting posture, and tried to recollect all that had passed.

The alternating light of the candle flashed upon the body of the old woman, and he remembered all. After a few minutes, he was able to rise, and he sat down upon the bed giddy and faint. It occurred to him that he would soon be in the dark, and he would require the light to follow up his intended movements, so he rose, and went to the cupboard to find one. He found a candle, and he also found the bottle of cordial, of which he drank all that was left, and felt himself revived, and capable of acting. Having put the other candle into the candlestick, he looked for water, washed himself, and bound up his head with his handkerchief. He then wiped up the blood from the floor, threw some sand over the part, and burnt the towel in the grate. His next task was one of more difficulty, to lift up the body of the old woman, put it into the

bed, and cover it up with the clothes, previously drawing out the bayonet. No blood issued from the wound—the hemorrhage was all internal. He covered up the face, took the key of the door, and tried it in the lock, put the candle under the grate to burn out safely, took possession of the hammer; then having examined the door, he went out, locked it from the outside, slid the key in beneath the door, and hastened away as fast as he could. He was not met by any body, and was soon safe in the street, with the bayonet, which he again concealed in his vest.

These precautions taken by Smallbones, proved that the lad had conduct as well as courage. He argued that it was not advisable that it should be known that this fatal affray had taken place between the old woman and himself. Satisfied with having preserved his life, he was unwilling to be embroiled in a case of murder, as he wished to prosecute his designs with his companions on board.

He knew that Vanslyperken was capable of swearing any thing against him, and that his best safety lay in the affair not being found out, which it could not be until the cutter had sailed, and no one had seen him either enter or go out. There was another reason which induced Smallbones to act as he did—without appealing to the authorities—which was, that if he returned on board, it would create such a shock to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had, as he supposed, seen him lying dead upon the floor. But there was one person to whom he determined to apply to for advice before he decided how to proceed, and that was Moggy Salisbury, who had given her address to him when she had gone on board the Yungfrau. To her house he therefore repaired, and found her at home. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening.

Moggy was much surprised to see Smallbones enter in such a condition; but Smallbones's story was soon told, and Moggy sent

for a surgeon, the services of whom the lad seriously required. While his wound was dressing, which was asserted by them to have been received in a fray, Moggy considered what would be the best method to proceed. The surgeon stated his intention of seeing Smallbones the next day, but he was requested to leave him sufficient dressing, as it was necessary that he should repair on board, as the vessel which he belonged to sailed on the following morning. The surgeon received his fee, recommended quiet and repose, and retired.

A consultation then took place. Smallbones expressed his determination to go on board; he did not fear Mr. Vanslyperken, as the crew of the cutter would support him—and, moreover it would frighten Mr. Vanslyperken out of his wits. To this Moggy agreed, but she proposed that instead of making his appearance on the following morning, he should not appear

to Mr. Vanslyperken until the vessel was in the blue water; if possible, not till she was over on the other side. And Moggy determined to go on board, see the corporal, and make the arrangements with him and the crew, who were now unanimous, for the six marines were at the beck of the corporal, so that Mr. Vanslyperken should be frightened out of his wits. Desiring Smallbones to lie down on her bed, and take the rest he so much needed, she put on her bonnet and cloak, and taking a boat, pulled gently alongside the cutter.

Vanslyperken had been on board for two hours, and was in his cabin; the lights, however, were still burning. The corporal was still up, anxiously waiting for the return of Smallbones, and he was very much alarmed when he heard Moggy come alongside. Moggy soon detailed to the corporal, Dick Short, and Coble, all that had taken place, and what it was proposed should be done. They assented will-

ingly to the proposal, declaring that if Vanslyperken attempted to hurt the lad, they would rise, and throw Mr. Vanslyperken overboard; and everything being arranged, Moggy was about to depart, when Vanslyperken, who was in a state of miserable anxiety and torture, and who had been drowning his conscience in scheming, came on deck not a little the worse for what he had been imbibing.

“Who is that woman?” cried Vanslyperken.

“That woman is Moggy Salisbury,” cried Moggy, walking up to Vanslyperken, while the corporal skulked forward without being detected.

“Have I not given positive orders that this woman does not come on board?” cried Vanslyperken, holding on by the skylight. “Who is that—Mr. Short?”

“Yes,” replied Short.

“Why did you allow her to come on board?”

“I came without leave,” said Moggy. “I brought a message on board.”

“ A message ! what message—to whom ? ”

“ To you,” replied Moggy.

“ To me—from whom, you cockatrice ? ”

“ I’ll tell you,” replied Moggy, walking close up to him ; “ from Lazarus the Jew. Will you hear it, or shall I leave it with Dick Short ? ”

“ Silence—silence—not a word ; come down into the cabin, good Moggy. Come down—I’ll hear it then.”

“ With all my heart, Mr. Vanslyperken, but none of your attacks on my vartue ; recollect I am an honest woman.”

“ Don’t be afraid, my good Moggy—I never hurt a child.”

“ I don’t think you ever did,” retorted Moggy, following Vanslyperken, who could hardly keep his feet.

“ Well, there’s Abacadabra there, any how,” observed Coble to Short, as they went down.

“ Why she turns him round her finger.”

“ Yes,” quoth Short.

“ I can’t comprehend this not no how.”

“ No,” quoth Short.

As soon as they were in the cabin, Moggy observed the bottle of schedam on the table. “ Come, Mr. Vanslyperken, you’ll treat me to-night, and drink my health again, won’t you ?”

“ Yes, Moggy, yes—we’re friends now, you know ;” for Vanslyperken, like all others suffering under the stings of conscience, was glad to make friends with his bitterest enemy.

“ Come, then, help me, Mr. Vanslyperken, and then I’ll give my message.”

As soon as Moggy had taken her glass of schedam, she began to think what she should say, for she had no message ready prepared ; at last a thought struck her.

“ I am desired to tell you, that when a passenger, or a person disguised as a sailor, either asks for a passage, or volunteers for the vessel, you are to take him on board imme-

diately, even if you should know them in their disguise not to be what they pretend to be—do you understand?”

“Yes,” replied Vanslyperken, who was quite muddled.

“Whether they apply from here, or from the other side of the channel, no consequence, you must take them—if not——”

“If not, what?” replied Vanslyperken.

“You’ll swing, that’s all my buck. Good night to you,” replied Moggy, leaving the cabin.

“I’ll swing,” muttered Vanslyperken, rolling against the bulk-head. “Well, if I do, others shall swing too. Who cares? damn the faggot!”

Here Mr. Vanslyperken poured out another glass of schedam, the contents of which overthrew the small remnant of his reasoning faculties. He then tumbled into his bed with his clothes on, saying, as he turned on his

side, "Smallbones is dead and gone, at all events."

Moggy took leave of her friends on deck, and pushed on shore. She permitted Smallbones, whom she found fast asleep, to remain undisturbed until nearly three o'clock in the morning, during which time she watched by the bedside. She then roused him, and they sallied forth, took a boat, and dropped alongside of the cutter. Smallbones's hammock had been prepared for him by the corporal. He was put into it, and Moggy then left the vessel.

Mr. Vanslyperken was in a state of torpor during this proceeding, and was, with great difficulty, awoke by the corporal, according to orders given, when it was daylight, and the cutter was to weigh anchor.

"Smallbones has not come off, sir, last night," reported the corporal.

"I suppose the scoundrel has deserted," replied Vanslyperken, "I fully expected that he would. However, he is no loss, for he was

a useless, idle, lying rascal.” And Mr. Vanslyperken turned out; having all his clothes on, he had no occasion to dress. He went on deck, followed by the tail-less Snarley yow, and in half an hour the cutter was standing out towards St. Helen’s.

CHAPTER V.

In which a most horrid spectre disturbs the equanimity of Mr. Vanslyperken.

Two days was the cutter striving with light winds for the Texel, during which Mr. Vanslyperken kept himself altogether in his cabin. He was occasionally haunted with the memory of the scene in his mother's room.—Smallbones dead, and the stream of blood running along the floor, and his mother's diabolical countenance, with the hammer raised in her palsied hands ; but he had an instigator to his vengeance beside him, which appeared to relieve his mind whenever it was oppressed ; it was the stump of Snarley yow, and when he looked at that he

was no longer regretted, but congratulated himself on the deed being done. His time was fully occupied during the day, for with locked doors he was transcribing the letters sent to Ramsay, and confided to him.

He was not content with taking extracts, as he did of the government despatches for Ramsay; he copied every word, and he replaced the seals with great dexterity. At night his mind was troubled, and he dare not lie himself down to rest until he had fortified himself with several glasses of schedam; even then his dreams frightened him; but he was to be more frightened yet.

Corporal Vanspitter came into the cabin on the third morning with a very anxious face.—
“Mein Gott! Mynheer Vanslyperken, de whole crew be in de mutinys.”

“Mutiny!” exclaimed Vanslyperken, “what’s the matter?”

“They say, sir, dat dey see de ghost of

Smallbones last night on de bowsprit, with one great cut on his head, and de blood all over de face."

"Saw what? who saw him?"

"Mien Gott, mynheer! it all true, I really think I see it myself at de taffrail, he sit there and have great wound from here down to," said the corporal, pointing to his own head, and describing the wound exactly. "The people say that he must have been murdered, and dey kick up de mutiny."

"I did not do it, corporal, at all events," replied Vanslyperken, pale and trembling.

"So Smallbones tell Dick Short, when he speak to him on bowsprit."

"Did it speak to Short?" inquired Vanslyperken, catching the corporal's arm.

"Yes, mynheer; Mynheer Short speak first, and den the ghost say dat you not do it, but dat you give gold to old woman to do it, and she knock him brain out vid de hammer."

To portray Vanslyperken's dismay at this

intelligence would be impossible. He could not but be certain that there had been a supernatural communication. His knees knocked and trembled, and he turned sick and faint.

“O Lord, O Lord! corporal, I am a great sinner,” cried he at last, quite unaware of what he was saying. “Some water, corporal.” Corporal Vanspitter handed some water, and Vanslyperken waved his hand to be left alone; and Mr. Vanslyperken attempted to pray, but it ended in blaspheming.

“It’s a lie, all a lie,” exclaimed he, at last, pouring out a tumbler of schedam. “They have frightened the corporal. But—no—he must have seen him, or how could they know how he was murdered. He must have told them; and him I saw dead and stiff, with these own eyes. Well, I did not do the deed,” continued Vanslyperken, attempting to palliate his crime to himself; but it would not do, and Mr. Vanslyperken paced the little cabin racked by fear and guilt.

Remorse he felt none, for there was before his eyes the unhealed stump of Snarley yow. In the evening Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck; the weather was now very warm, for it was the beginning of July; and Mr. Vanslyperken, followed by Snarley yow, was in a deep reverie, and he turned and turned again.

The sun had set, and Mr. Vanslyperken still continued his walk, but his steps were agitated and uneven, and his face was haggard. It was rather the rapid and angry pacing of a tiger in his den, who has just been captured, than that of a person in deep contemplation. Still Mr. Vanslyperken continued to tread the deck, and it was quite light with a bright and pale moon.

The men were standing here and there about the forecastle and near the booms in silence and speaking in low whispers, and Vanslyperken's eye was often directed towards them, for he had not forgotten the report of the corporal, that they were in a state of mutiny.

Of a sudden, Mr. Vanslyperken was roused

by a loud cry from forward, and a rush of all the men aft. He thought that the crew had risen, and that they were about to seize him; but, on the contrary, they passed him and hastened to the taffrail with exclamations of horror.

“What! what is it?” exclaimed Vanslyperken, fully prepared for the reply by his own fears.

“O Lord! have mercy upon us,” cried Bill Spurey.

“Good God, deliver us!” exclaimed another.

“Ah, mein Gott!” screamed Jansen, rushing against Vanslyperken and knocking him down on the deck.

“Well, well, murder will out!—that’s sartain,” said Coble, who stood by Vanslyperken when he had recovered his legs.

“What, what!” exclaimed Vanslyperken, breathless.

“There, sir,—look there”—said Coble, breathless, pointing to the figure of Small-

bones, who now appeared from the shade in the broad moonshine.

His head was not bound up, and his face appeared pale and streaked with blood. He was in the same clothes in which he had gone on shore, and in his hand he held the hammer which had done the deed.

The figure slowly advanced to the quarter-deck, Vanslyperken attempted to retreat, but his legs failed him, he dropped down on his knees, uttered a loud yell of despair, and then threw himself flat on the deck face downwards.

Certainly, the pantomime was inimitably got up, but it had all been arranged by Moggy, the corporal, and the others. There was not one man of the crew who had not been sworn to secrecy, and whose life would have been endangered if, by undeceiving Vanslyperken, they had been deprived of such just and legitimate revenges.

Smallbones disappeared as soon as Vanslyperken had fallen down.

He was allowed to remain there for some time to ascertain if he would say any thing, but as he still continued silent, they raised him up and found that he was insensible. He was consequently taken down into the cabin and put into his bed.

The effect produced by this trial of Mr. Vanslyperken's nerves, was most serious. Already too much heated with the use of ardent spirits, it brought on convulsions, in which he continued during the major part of the night. Towards the morning, he sank into a perturbed slumber.

It was not till eleven o'clock in the forenoon that he awoke and perceived his *faithful* corporal standing by the side of the bed.

"Have I not been ill, corporal?" said Mr. Vanslyperken, whose memory was impaired for the time.

"Mein Gott! yes, mynheer."

"There was something happened, was not there?"

“Mein Gott! yes, mynheer.”

“I’ve had a fit; have I not?”

“Mein Gott! yes, mynheer.”

“My head swims now; what was it, corporal?”

“It was de ghost of de poy,” replied the corporal.

“Yes, yes,” replied Vanslyperken, falling back on his pillow.

It had been intended by the conspirators, that Smallbones should make his appearance in the cabin, as the bell struck one o’clock; but the effect had already been so serious that it was thought advisable to defer any further attempts. As for Smallbones being concealed in the vessel for any length of time there was no difficulty in that; for allowing that Vanslyperken should go forward on the lower deck of the vessel, which he never did, Smallbones had only to retreat into the eyes of her, and it was there so dark that he could not be seen. They therefore regulated their conduct much in the same way

as the members of the inquisition used to do in former days ; they allowed their patient to recover, that he might be subjected to more torture.

It was not until the fourth day, that the cutter arrived at the port of Amsterdam, and Mr. Vanslyperken had kept his bed ever since he had been put into it ; but this he could do no longer, he rose weak and emaciated, dressed himself, and went on shore with the despatches which he first delivered, and then bent his steps to the syndic's house, where he delivered his letters to Ramsay.

The arrival of the cutter had been duly notified to the widow Vandersloosh, before she had dropped her anchor, and in pursuance with her resolution she immediately despatched Babette to track Mr. Vanslyperken, and watch his motions. Babette took care not to be seen by Mr. Vanslyperken, but shrouding herself close in her cotton print cloak, she followed him to the Stadt House, and from the Stadt House

to the mansion of Mynheer Van Krause, at a short distance from the gates of which she remained till he came out. Wishing to ascertain whether he went to any other place, she did not discover herself until she perceived that he was proceeding to the widow's—she then quickened her pace so as to come up with him.

“Oh! Mynheer Vanslyperken, is this you! I heard you had come in and so did my mistress, and she has been expecting you this last half-hour.”

“I have made all the haste I can, Babette. But I was obliged to deliver my despatches first,” replied Vanslyperken.

“But I thought you always took your despatches to the Stadt House?”

“Well, so I do, Babette; I have just come from thence.”

This was enough for Babette, it proved that his visit to the syndic's was intended to be concealed; she was too prudent to let him know that she had traced him.

“Why, Mr. Vanslyperken, you look very ill. What has been the matter with you? My mistress will be quite frightened.”

“I have not been well, Babette,” replied Vanslyperken.

“I really must run home as fast as I can. I will tell my mistress you have been unwell, for otherwise she will be in such a quandary;” and Babette hastened ahead of Mr. Vanslyperken, who was in too weak a state to walk fast.

“The syndic’s house—heh!—said the widow, Mynheer Van Krause. Why he is thorough king’s man, by all report, continued she. I don’t understand it. But there is no trusting any man now-a-days.”

“Babette, you must go there by-and-by and see if you can find out whether that person he brought over, and he called a king’s messenger, is living at the syndic’s house. I think he must be, or why would Vanslyperken go there? and if he is, there’s treason going on—that’s

all! and I'll find it out, or my name is not Vandersloosh."

Shortly after, Mr. Vanslyperken arrived at the house and was received with the usual treacherous cordiality; but he had remained more than an hour when Coble came to him (having been despatched by Short), to inform Mr. Vanslyperken that a frigate was coming in with the royal standard at the main, indicating that King William was on board of her.

This intelligence obliged Mr. Vanslyperken to hasten on board, as it was necessary to salute, and also to pay his respects on board of the frigate.

The frigate was within a mile when Mr. Vanslyperken arrived on board of the cutter, and when the batteries saluted, the cutter did the same. Shortly afterwards the frigate dropped her anchor and returned the salute. Mr. Vanslyperken, attired in his full uniform, ordered his boat to be manned and pulled on board.

On his arrival on the quarter-deck Vanslyperken was received by the captain of the frigate, and then presented to King William of Nassau, who was standing on the other side of the deck, attended by the Duke of Portland, Lord Albemarle, and several others of his courtiers, not all of them quite so faithful as the two whom we have named.

When Mr. Vanslyperken was brought forward to the presence of his majesty, he trembled almost as much as when he had beheld the supposed spirit of Smallbones, and well he might, for his conscience told him as he bowed his knee that he was a traitor. His agitation was, however, ascribed to his being daunted by the unusual presence of royalty. And Albemarle, as Vanslyperken retreated with a cold sweat on his forehead, observed to the king with a smile,

“That worthy lieutenant would show a little more courage, I doubt not, your majesty, if he were in the presence of your enemies.”

“It is to be hoped so,” replied the king, with a smile. “I agree with you Keppel.”

But his majesty and Lord Albemarle did not know Mr. Vanslyperken, as the reader will acknowledge.

CHAPTER VI.

In which is shown how dangerous it is to tell a secret.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN received orders to attend with his boat upon his majesty's landing, which took place in about a quarter of an hour afterwards, amidst another war of cannon.

King William was received by the authorities at the landing-stairs, and from thence he stepped into the carriage, awaiting him, and drove off to his palace at the Hague; much to the relief of Mr. Vanslyperken, who felt ill at ease in the presence of his sovereign. When his majesty put his foot on shore, the foremost to receive him, in virtue of his office, was the syndic Mynheer Van Krause, who, in full costume of gown, chains, and perriwig, bowed low,

as his majesty advanced, expecting as usual the gracious smile and friendly nod of his sovereign; but to his mortification, his reverence was returned with a grave, if not stern air, and the king passed him without further notice. All the courtiers also, who had been accustomed to salute, and to exchange a few words with him, to his astonishment turned their heads another way. At first, Mynheer Van Krause, could hardly believe his senses, he who had always been so graciously received, who had been considered most truly as such a stanch supporter of his king, to be neglected, mortified in this way, and without cause. Instead of following his majesty to his carriage, with the rest of the authorities, he stood still and transfixed, the carriage drove off, and the syndic hardly replying to some questions put to him, hurried back to his own house in a state of confusion and vexation almost indescribable. He hastened up stairs and entered the room of Ramsay,

who was very busy with the despatches which he had received. "Well, Mynheer Van Krause, how is his majesty looking," inquired Ramsay, who knew that the syndic had been down to receive him on his landing.

Mynheer Krause threw himseff down in a chair, threw open his gown, and uttered a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, my dear sir, you appear ruffled," continued Ramsay, who from the extracts made by Vanslyperken from the despatches, was aware that suspicions had been lodged against his host.

"Such treatment—to one of his most devoted followers," exclaimed Krause, at last, who then entered into a detail of what had occurred.

"Such is the sweet aspect, the smile, we would aspire to of kings, Mynheer Krause."

"But there must be some occasion for all this," observed the syndic.

“No doubt of it,” replied Ramsay—“some reason—but not a just one.”

“That is certain,” replied the syndic, “some one must have maligned me to his majesty.”

“It may be,” replied Ramsay, “but there may be other causes, kings are suspicious, and subjects may be too rich and too powerful. There are many paupers among the favourites of his Majesty, who would be very glad to see your property confiscated, and you cast into prison.”

“But, my dear sir,—”

“You forget also, that the Jacobites are plotting, and have been plotting for years; that conspiracy is formed upon conspiracy, and that when so surrounded and opposed, that kings will be suspicious.”

“But his majesty, King William,—”

“Firmly attached, and loyal as I am to my sovereign, Mynheer Krause, I do not think that

King William is more to be relied upon than King James. Kings are but kings, they will repay the most important services by smiles, and the least doubtful act with the gibbet. I agree with you that some one must have maligned you, but allow me to make a remark that if once suspicion or dislike enters into a royal breast, there is no effacing it, a complete verdict of innocence will not do it; it is like the sapping of one of the dams of this country, Mynheer Krause, the admission of water is but small at first, but it increases and increases, till it ends in a general inundation."

"But I must demand an audience of his majesty and explain."

"Explain—the very attempt will be considered as a proof of your guilt; no, no, as a sincere friend I should advise you to be quiet, and to take such steps as the case requires. That frown, that treatment of you in public, is sufficient to tell me that you must prepare

for the event. Can you expect a king to publicly retract?"

"Retract! no—I do not require a public apology from my sovereign."

"But if having frowned upon you publicly, he again smiles upon you publicly, he does retract. He acknowledges that he was in error, and it becomes a public apology."

"God in heaven! then I am lost," replied the syndic, throwing himself back in his chair. "Do you really think so, Mynheer Ramsay?"

"I do not say that you are lost. At present, you have only lost the favour of the king; but you can do without that, Mynheer Krause."

"Do without that—but you do not know that without that I am lost. Am I not syndic of this town of Amsterdam, and can I expect to hold such an important situation if I am out of favour?"

"Very true, Mynheer Krause; but what

can be done? you are assailed in the dark, you do not know the charges brought against you, and therefore cannot refute or parry them."

"But what charges can they bring against me?"

"There can be but one charge against a person in your high situation, that of disaffection."

"Disaffection! I who am and have always been so devoted."

"The most disaffected generally appear the most devoted, Mynheer Krause, that will not help you."

"My God! then," exclaimed Krause, with animation, "what will, if loyalty is to be construed into a sign of disaffection?"

"Nothing," replied Ramsay, coolly. "Suspicion in the heart of a king is never to be effaced, and disaffection may soon be magnified into high treason."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Van Krause, cross-

ing his hands on his heart in utter despair.

“My dear Mynheer Ramsay, will you give me your opinion how I should act?”

“There is no saying how far you may be right in your conjectures, Mynheer Krause,” replied Ramsay: “you may have been mistaken.”

“No, no, he frowned—looked cross—I see his face now.”

“Yes, but a little thing will sour the face of royalty, his corn may have pinched him, at the time he might have had a twinge in the bowels — his voyage may have affected him.”

“He smiled upon others, upon my friend, Engelback, very graciously.”

This was the very party who had prepared the charges against Krause—his own very particular friend.

“Did he?” replied Ramsay. “Then depend upon it, that’s the very man who has ^{just} belied you.”

“What, Engelback? my particular friend?”

“Yes, I should imagine so. Tell me, Mynheer Krause, I trust you have never intrusted to him the important secrets which I have made you acquainted with, for if you have, your knowledge of them would be quite sufficient.”

“My knowledge of them. I really cannot understand that. How can my knowledge of what is going on among the king’s friends and councillors be a cause of suspicion?”

“Why, Mynheer Krause, because the king is surrounded by many who are retained from policy and fear of them. If these secrets are made known contrary to oath, is it not clear that the parties so revealing them must be no sincere friends of his majesty’s, and will it not be naturally concluded that those who have possession of them, are equally his open or secret enemies.”

“But then, Mynheer Ramsay, by that rule you must be his majesty’s enemy.”

“That does not follow, Mynheer Krause, I may obtain the secrets from those who are not so partial to his majesty as they are to me, but that does not disprove my loyalty. To expose them would of course render me liable to suspicion—but I guard them carefully.”

“I have not told a word to a soul, but to you, my dear Mynheer Krause, and I have felt assured that you were much too loyal to make known to any one, what it was your duty to your king to keep secret; surely, Mynheer Krause, you have not trusted that man?”

“I may have given a hint or so—I’m afraid that I did; but he is my most particular friend.”

“If that is the case,” replied Ramsay, “I am not at all surprised at the king’s frowning on you: Engelback having intelligence from you, supposed to be known only to the highest authorities, has thought it his duty to communicate it to government, and you are now suspected.”

“God in heaven! I wish I never had your secrets, Mynheer Ramsay. It appears then that I have committed treason without knowing it.”

“At all events, you have incurred suspicion. It is a pity that you mentioned what I confided to you, but what’s done cannot be helped, you must now be active.”

“What must I, my dear friend?”

“Expect the worst and be prepared for it—you are wealthy, Mr. Van Krause, and that will not be in your favour, it will only hasten the explosion, which sooner or later will take place. Remit as much of your money as you can to where it will be secure from the spoilers. Convert all that you can into gold, that you may take advantage of the first opportunity, if necessary, of flying from their vengeance. Do all this very quietly. Go on, as usual, as if nothing had occurred—talk with your friend Engelback—perform your duties as syndic. It may blow over, although I am afraid not.

At all events you will have, in all probability, some warning, as they will displace you as syndic before they proceed further. I have only one thing to add. I am your guest, and depend upon it, shall share your fortune whatever it may be; if you are thrown into prison, I am certain to be sent there also. You may therefore command me as you please. I will not desert you, you may depend upon it."

"My dear young man, you are indeed a friend, and your advice is good. My poor Wilhelmina what would become of her."

"Yes, indeed, used to luxury — her father in prison, perhaps his head at the gates—his whole property confiscated, and all because he had the earliest intelligence. Such is the reward of loyalty."

"Yes, indeed," repeated the syndic, "'put not your trust in princes,' says the psalmist. If such is to be the return for my loyalty—but there is no time to lose. I must send this

post, to Hamburgh and Frankfort. Many thanks my dear friend for your kind council, which I shall follow," so saying, Mynheer Krause went to his room, threw off his gown and chains in a passion, and hastened to his counting-house to write his important letters.

We may now take this opportunity of informing the reader of what had occurred in the house of the syndic. Ramsay had, as may be supposed, gained the affections of Wilhelmina; had told his love, and received her acknowledgment in return; he had also gained such a power over her, that she had agreed to conceal their attachment from her father; as Ramsay wished first, he asserted, to be possessed of a certain property which he daily expected would fall to him, and, until that, he did not think that he had any right to aspire to the hand of Wilhelmina.

That Ramsay was most seriously in love there was no doubt; he would have wedded Wilhelmina, even if she had not a sixpence; but at

the same time, he was too well aware of the advantages of wealth not to fully appreciate it, and he felt the necessity and the justice to Wilhelmina, that she should not be deprived, by his means, of those luxuries to which she had been brought up. But here there was a difficulty, arising from his espousing the very opposite cause to that espoused by Mynheer Krause, for the difference of religion he very rightly considered as a mere trifle compared with the difference in political feelings. He had already weaned Wilhelmina from the political bias, imbibed from her father, and his connexions, without acquainting her with his belonging to the opposite party, for the present. It had been his intention as soon as his services were required elsewhere, to have demanded Wilhelmina's hand from her father, still leaving him in error as to his politics; and by taking her with him, after the marriage, to the court of St. Germain, to have allowed Mynheer Krause to think what he pleased, but not to

enter into any explanation ; but, as Ramsay truly observed, Mynheer Krause had, by his not retaining the secrets confided to him, rendered himself suspected, and once suspected with King William, his disgrace, if not ruin, was sure to follow. This fact, so important to Ramsay's plans, had been communicated in the extracts made by Vanslyperken from the last despatches, and Ramsay had been calculating the consequences when Mynheer Krause returned discomfited from the presence of the king.

That Ramsay played a very diplomatic game in the conversation which we have repeated is true ; but still it was the best game for Krause as well as for his own interests, as the events will show. We must, however, remind the reader that Ramsay had no idea whatever of the double treachery on the part of Vanslyperken, in copying all the letters sent by and to him, as well as extracting from the government despatches.

My dearest Edward what has detained you so long from me this morning," inquired Wilhelmina when he entered the music-room, about an hour after his conversation with the syndic.

Ramsay then entered into the detail of what had occurred, and wove in such remarks of his own as were calculated to disgust Wilhelmina with the conduct of King William, and to make her consider her father as an injured man. He informed her of the advice he had given him, and then pointed out to her the propriety of her enforcing his following it with all the arguments of persuasion in her power.

Wilhelmina's indignation was roused, and she did not fail, when speaking with her father, to rail in no measured tones against the king, and to press him to quit a country where he had been so ill-used. Mynheer Krause felt the same, his pride had been severely wounded; and it may be truly said, that one of the stanchest adherents of the Protestant king was

lost by a combination of circumstances as peculiar as they were unexpected.

In the mean time, the corporal had gone on shore as usual and made the widow acquainted with the last attempt upon Smallbones, and the revenge of the ship's company. Babette had also done her part.

She had found out that Ramsay lived in the house of the syndic, and that he was the passenger brought over by Vanslyperken in the cutter.

The widow, who had now almost arranged her plans, received Vanslyperken more amiably than ever; anathematized—the supposed defunct Smallbones; shed tears over the stump of Snarley yow, and asked Vanslyperken when he intended to give up the nasty cutter and live quietly on shore.

CHAPTER VII.

In which is shown the imprudence of sleeping in the open air, even in a summer's night.

THE Yungfrau was not permitted to remain more than two days at her anchorage. On the third morning Mr. Vanslyperken's signal was made to prepare to weigh. He immediately answered it, and giving his orders to Short, hastened, as fast as he could, up to the syndic's house to inform Ramsay, stating, that he must immediately return on board again, and that the letters must be sent to him : Ramsay perceived the necessity of this, and consented. On his return to the boat, Mr. Vanslyperken found that his signal to repair on board the

frigate had been hoisted, and he hastened on board to put on his uniform and obey this order. He received his despatches from the captain of the frigate, with orders to proceed to sea immediately. Mr. Vanslyperken, under the eye of his superior officer, could not dally or delay: he hove short, hoisted his mainsail, and fired a gun as a signal for sailing; anxiously looking out for Ramsay's boat with his letters, and afraid to go without them; but no boat made its appearance, and Mr. Vanslyperken was forced to heave up his anchor. Still he did not like to make sail, and he remained a few minutes more, when he at last perceived a small boat coming off. At the same time he observed a boat coming from the frigate, and they arrived alongside the cutter about the same time, fortunately Ramsay's boat the first, and Mr. Vanslyperken had time to carry the letters down below.

“The commandant wishes to know why you

do not proceed to sea, sir, in obedience to your orders," said the officer.

"I only waited for that boat to come on board, sir," replied Vanslyperken to the lieutenant.

"And pray, sir, from whom does that boat come?" inquired the officer.

"From the syndic's, Mynheer Van Krause," replied Vanslyperken, not knowing what else to say, and thinking that the name of the syndic would be sufficient.

"And what did the boat bring off, to occasion the delay, sir?"

"A letter or two for England," replied Vanslyperken.

"Very well, sir, I wish you a good morning," said the lieutenant, who then went into his boat, and Vanslyperken made sail.

The delay of the cutter to receive the syndic's letters was fully reported the same evening to the commandant, who, knowing that the syndic was suspected, reported the same to the

authorities, and this trifling circumstance only increased the suspicions against the unfortunate Mynheer Van Krause ; but we must follow the cutter and those on board of her. Smallbones had remained concealed on board, his wounds had been nearly healed, and it was now again proposed that he should, as soon as they were out at sea, make his appearance to frighten Vanslyperken ; and that, immediately they arrived at Portsmouth, he should go on shore and desert from the cutter, as Mr. Vanslyperken would, of course, find out that his mother was killed, and the consequences to Smallbones must be dangerous, as he had no evidence, if Vanslyperken swore that he had murdered his mother ; but this arrangement was overthrown by events which we shall now narrate. It was on the third morning after they sailed, that Vanslyperken walked the deck : there was no one but the man at the helm abaft. The weather was extremely sultry, for the cutter had run with a fair wind for the first

eight-and-forty hours, and had then been becalmed for the last twenty-four, and had drifted to the back of the Isle of Wight, when she was not three leagues from St. Helena. The consequence was, that the ebb tide had now drifted her down very nearly opposite to that part of the island where the cave was situated of which we have made mention. Vanslyperken heard the people talking below, and, as usual, anxious to overhear what was said, had stopped to listen. He heard the name of Smallbones repeated several times, but could not make out what was said.

Anxious to know, he went down the ladder, and, instead of going into his cabin, crept softly forward on the lower deck, when he overheard Coble, Short, and Spurey in consultation.

“We shall be in to-morrow,” said Spurey, “if a breeze springs up, and then it will be too late: Smallbones must frighten him again to-night.”

“ Yes,” replied Short.

“ He shall go into his cabin at twelve o’clock, that will be the best way.”

“ But the corporal.”

“ Hush !—there is some one there,” said Spurey, who, attracted by a slight noise made by Vanslyperken’s boots, turned short round.

Vanslyperken retreated and gained the deck by the ladder ; he had hardly been up when he observed a face at the hatchway, who was evidently looking to ascertain if he was on deck.

These few words overheard, satisfied Vanslyperken that Smallbones was alive and on board the cutter ; and he perceived how he had been played with. His rage was excessive, but he did not know how to act. If Smallbones was alive, and that he appeared to be, he must have escaped from his mother, and, of course, the ship’s company must know that his life had been attempted. That he did not care much about ; he had not done the deed ; but how

the lad could have come on board! did he not see him lying dead? It was very strange, and the life of the boy must be charmed. At all events, it was a mystery which Mr. Vanslyperken could not solve; at first, he thought that he would allow Smallbones to come into the cabin, and get a loaded pistol ready for him. The words, "But the corporal," which were cut short, proved to him that the corporal was no party to the affair; yet it was strange that the ship's company could have concealed the lad without the corporal's knowledge. Vanslyperken walked and walked, and thought and thought; at last he resolved to go down into his cabin, pretend to go to bed, lock his door, which was not his custom, and see if they would attempt to come in. He did so, the corporal was dismissed, and at twelve o'clock his door was tried and tried again; but being fast, the party retreated. Vanslyperken waited till two bells to ascertain if any more attempts would be made; but none were, so he rose

from his bed, where he had thrown himself with his clothes on, and, opening the door softly, crept upon deck. The night was very warm, but there was a light and increasing breeze, and the cutter was standing in and close to the shore to make a long board upon next tack. Vanslyperken passed the man at the helm, and walked aft to the taffrail; he stood up on the choak to ascertain what way she was making through the water, and he was meditating upon the best method of proceeding. Had he known where Smallbones's hammock was hung, he would have gone down with the view of ascertaining the fact; but with a crew so evidently opposed to him, he could not see how even the ascertaining that Smallbones was on board, would be productive of any good consequences. The more Vanslyperken thought, the more he was puzzled. The fact is, that he was between the horns of a dilemma; but the devil, who always helps his favourites, came to the aid of Mr. Vanslyperken. The small boat

was, as usual, hoisted up astern, and Mr. Vanslyperken's eyes were accidentally cast upon it. He perceived a black mass lying on the thwarts, and he examined it more closely: he heard snoring; it was one of the ship's company sleeping there against orders. He leant over the taffrail, and putting aside the great-coat which covered the party, he looked attentively on the face—there was no doubt it was Smallbones himself. From a knowledge of the premises, Vanslyperken knew at once that the lad was in his power.

The boat, after being hauled up with tackles, was hung by a single rope at each davit. It was very broad in proportion to its length, and was secured from motion by a single gripe, which confined it in its place, bowsing it close to the stern of the cutter, and preventing it from turning over bottom up, which, upon the least weight upon one gunnel or the other, would be inevitably the case. Smallbones was lying close to the gunnel next to the stern of the

cutter. By letting go the gripe, therefore, the boat would immediately turn bottom up, and Smallbones would be dropped into the sea. Vanslyperken carefully examined the fastenings of the gripe, found that they were to be cast off by one movement, and that his success was certain; but still he was cautious. The man at the helm must hear the boat go over; he might hear Smallbones cry for assistance. So Vanslyperken went forward to the man at the helm, and desired him to go down and to order Corporal Van Spitter to mix a glass of brandy-and-water, and send it up by him, and that he would steer the vessel till he came up again. The man went down to execute the order, and Vanslyperken steered the cutter for half a minute, during which he looked forward to ascertain if any one was moving. All was safe, the watch was all asleep forward, and Vanslyperken, leaving the cutter to steer itself, hastened aft, cast off the gripe, the boat, as he calculated, immediately turning over, and the

sleeping Smallbones fell into the sea. Vanslyperken hastened back to the helm, and put the cutter's head right. He heard the cry of Smallbones, but it was not loud, for the cutter had already left him astern, and it was fainter and fainter, and at last it was heard no more, and not one of the watch had been disturbed.

"If ever you haunt me again," muttered Vanslyperken, "may I be hanged."

We particularly call the reader's attention to these words of Mr. Vanslyperken.

The man returned with the brandy-and-water, with which Vanslyperken drank *bon voyage* to poor Smallbones. He then ordered the cutter to be put about, and as soon as she was round, he went down into his cabin and turned in with greater satisfaction than he had for a long time.

"We shall have got rid of him at last, my poor dog," said he, patting Snarley yow's head. "Your enemy is gone for ever."

And Mr. Vanslyperken slept soundly, be-

cause, although he had committed a murder, there was no chance of his being found out. We soon get accustomed to crime: before, he started at the idea of murder; now, all that he cared for was detection.

“Good night to you, Mr. Vanslyperken.”

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Smallbones changes from a king's man into a smuggler, and also changes his sex.

IF we adhered to the usual plans of historical novel writers, we should, in this instance, leave Smallbones to what must appear to have been his inevitable fate, and then bring him on the stage again with a *coup de théâtre*, when least expected by the reader. But that is not our intention; we consider that the interest of this our narration of by-gone events is quite sufficient, without condescending to what is called claptrap; and there are so many people in our narrative continually labouring under deception of one kind or another, that we need not add to it by attempting to mystify our readers;

who, on the contrary, we shall take with us familiarly by the hand, and, like a faithful historian, lead them through the events in the order in which they occurred, and point out to them how they all lead to one common end. With this intention in view, we shall now follow the fortunes of Smallbones, whom we left floundering in about seven fathoms water.

The weather was warm, even sultry, as we said before ; but notwithstanding which, and notwithstanding he was a very tolerable swimmer, considering that he was so thin, Smallbones did not like it. To be awoke out of a profound sleep, and all of a sudden to find yourself floundering out of your depth about half a mile from the nearest land, is any thing but agreeable ; the transition is too rapid. Smallbones descended a few feet before he could divest himself of the folds of the Flustering coat which he had wrapped himself up in. It belonged to Coble, he had purchased it at a sale-shop on the Point for seventeen shillings

and sixpence, and, moreover, it was as good as new. In consequence of this delay below water-mark, Smallbones had very little breath left in his body when he rose to the surface, and he could not inflate his lungs so as to call loud until the cutter had walked away from him at least one hundred yards, for she was slipping fast through the water, and another minute plainly proved to Smallbones that he was left to his own resources.

At first, the lad had imagined that it was an accident, and that the rope had given way with his weight; but when he found that no attention was paid to his cries, he then was convinced that it was the work of Mr. Vanslyperken.

“By *gum*, he’s a done for me at last. Well, I don’t care, I can die but once, that’s sartin sure; and he’ll go to the devil, that’s sartin sure.”

And Smallbones, with this comfortable assurance, continued to strike out for the land,

which, indeed, he had but little prospect of ever making.

“A shame for to come for to go to murder a poor lad three or four times over,” sputtered Smallbones, after a time, feeling his strength fail him. He then turned on his back, to ease his arms.

“I can’t do it no how, I sees that,” said Smallbones, “so I may just as well go down like a dipsey lead.”

But, as he muttered this, and was making up his mind to discontinue further exertions,—not a very easy thing to do, when you are about to go into another world, still floating on his back, with his eyes fixed on the starry heavens, thinking, as Smallbones afterwards narrated himself, that there wa’n’t much to live for in this here world, and considering what there could be in that ’ere, his head struck against something hard. Smallbones immediately turned round in the water to see what it was, and found that

it was one of the large corks which supported a heavy net laid out across the tide for the taking of shoal-fish. The cork was barely sufficient to support his weight, but it gave him a certain relief, and time to look about him, as the saying is. The lad ran under the net and cork with his hands until he arrived at the nearest shoal, for it was three or four hundred yards long. When he arrived there, he contrived to bring some of the corks together, until he had quite sufficient for his support, and then Smallbones voted himself pretty comfortable after all, for the water was very warm, and now quite smooth.

Smallbones, as the reader may have observed during the narration, was a lad of most indisputable courage and of good principles. Had it been his fortune to have been born among the higher classes, and to have had all the advantages of education, he might have turned out a hero; as it was, he did his duty well in that state of life to which he had been called, and as

he said in his speech to the men on the fore-castle, he feared God, honoured the king, and was the natural enemy to the devil.

The Chevalier Bayard was nothing more, only he had a wider field for his exertions and his talents; but the armed and accoutred Bayard did not show more courage and conduct when leading armies to victory, than did the unarmed Smallbones against Vanslyperken and his dog. We consider that *in his way*, Smallbones was quite as great a hero as the Chevalier, for no man can do more than his best: indeed, it is unreasonable to expect it.

While Smallbones hung on to the corks, he was calculating his chances of being saved.

“If so be as how they comes to take up the nets in the morning, why then I think I may hold on; but if so be they waits, why they ’ll then find me dead as a fish,” said Smallbones, who seldom ventured above a monosyllable, and whose language if not considered as pure English, was certainly amazingly Saxon; and then

Smallbones began to reflect, whether it was not necessary that he should forgive Mr. Vanslyperken before he died, and his pros and cons ended with his thinking he could, for it was his duty; however he would not be in a hurry about it, he thought that was the last thing that he need do; but as for the dog, he wa'n't obliged to forgive him that was certain—as certain as that his tail was off; and Smallbones, up to his chin in the water, grinned so at the remembrance, that he took in more salt water than was pleasant.

He spit it out again, and then looked up to the stars, which were twinkling above him.

I wonder what o'clock it is, thought Smallbones, when he thought he heard a distant sound. Smallbones pricked up his ears and listened;—yes, it was in regular cadence, and became louder and louder. It was a boat pulling.

“Well, I am sure, thought Smallbones,

they'll think they have caught a queer fish any how : and he waited very patiently for the fisherman to come up." At last he perceived the boat, which was very long and pulled many oars. "They be the smuglars, thought Smallbones."

"I wonder whether they'll pick up a poor lad? Boat ahoy!"

The boat continued to pass towards the coast, impelled at the speed of seven or eight miles an hour, and was now nearly abreast of Smallbones, and not fifty yards from him.

"I say, boat ahoy!" screamed Smallbones, to the extent of his voice.

He was heard this time, and there was a pause in the pulling, the boat still driving through the water with the impulse which had been given her, as if she required no propelling power.

"I say you arn't a going for to come for to leave a poor lad here to be drowned, are you?"

"That's Smallbones, I'll swear," cried Jemmy Ducks, who was steering the boat, and who immediately shifted the helm.

But Sir Robert Barclay paused; there was too much at stake to run any risk, even to save the life of a fellow-creature.

"You takes time for to think on it any how," cried Smallbones—"you are going for to leave a fellow-christian stuck like a herring in a fishing net, are you? you would not like it yourself any how."

"It is Smallbones, sir," repeated Jemmy Ducks, "and I'll vouch for him as a lad that's good and true."

Sir Barclay no longer hesitated: "Give way, my lads, and pick him up."

In a few minutes, Smallbones was hauled in over the gunnel, and was seated on the stern sheets opposite to Sir Robert.

"It's a great deal colder out of the water than in," that's sartain," observed Smallbones, shivering.

“Give way, my lads, we’ve no time to stay,” cried Sir Robert.

“Take this, Smallbones,” said Jemmy.

“Why, so it is, Jemmy Ducks!” replied Smallbones, with astonishment—“why, how did you come here?”

“Sarcumstances,” replied Jemmy; “how did you come there?”

“Sarcumstances too, Jemmy,” replied Smallbones.

“Keep silence,” said Sir Robert, and nothing more was said until the lugger dashed into the cave.

The cargo was landed, and Smallbones who was very cold was not sorry to assist. He carried up his load with the rest, and as usual the women came halfway down to receive it.

“Why, who have we here?” said one of the women to whom Smallbones was delivering his load, “why, it’s Smallbones.”

“Yes,” replied Smallbones, it is me; “but how came you here, Nancy?”

“That’s tellings, but how came you, my lad?”
replied Nancy.

“I came by water any how.”

“Well, you are one of us now, you know there’s no going back.”

“I’m sure I don’t want to go back, Nancy; but what is to be done? nothing unchristian like I hope.”

“We’re all good Christians here, Smallbones; we don’t bow down to idols and pay duty to them as other people do.”

“Do you fear God, and honour the king?”

“We do; the first as much as the other people, and as for the king, we love him and serve him faithfully.”

“Well, then I suppose that’s all right,” replied Smallbones; “but where do you live?”

“Come with me, take your load up, and I will show you, for the sooner you are there the better; the boat will be off again in half an hour, if I mistake not.”

“Off, where?”

“To France, with a message to the king.”

“Why, the king’s in Holland! we left him there when we sailed.”

“Pooh! nonsense! come along.”

When Sir Robert arrived at the cave, he found an old friend anxiously awaiting his arrival; it was Graham, who had been dispatched by the Jacobites to the court of St. Germain, with intelligence of great importance, which was the death of the young Duke of Gloucester, the only surviving son of King William. He had, it was said, died of a malignant fever; but if the reader will call to mind the address of one of the Jesuits on the meeting at Cherbourg, he may have some surmises as to the cause of the duke’s decease. As this event rendered the succession uncertain, the hopes of the Jacobites were raised to the highest pitch: the more so as the country was in a state of anxiety and confusion, and King William was absent at the Hague. Graham had, therefore, been despatched to the exiled James, with the propo-

sitions from his friends in England, and to press the necessity of an invasion of the country. As Nancy had supposed, Sir Robert decided upon immediately crossing over to Cherbourg, the crew were allowed a short time to repose and refresh themselves, and once more returned to their laborious employment; Jemmy Ducks satisfied Sir Robert that Smallbones might be trusted and be useful, and Nancy corroborated his assertions. He was, therefore, allowed to remain in the cave with the women, and Sir Robert and his crew, long before Smallbones garments's were dry, were again crossing the English channel.

Now, it must be observed, that Smallbones was never well off for clothes, and, on this occasion, when he fell overboard, he had nothing on but an old pair of thin linen trousers and a shirt which, from dint of long washing, from check had turned to a light cerulean blue: what with his struggles at the net and the force used to pull him into the boat, the shirt had more than

one-half disappeared—that is to say, one sleeve and the back were wholly gone, and the other sleeve was well prepared to follow its fellow, on the first capful of wind. His trousers also were in almost as bad a state. In hauling him in, when his head was over the gunnel, one of the men had seized him by the seat of his trousers to lift him into the boat, and the consequence was, that the seat of his trousers having been too long set upon, was also left in his muscular gripe. All these items put together, the reader may infer, that, although Smallbones might appear merely ragged in front, that in his rear he could not be considered as decent, especially as he was the only one of the masculine sex among a body of females. No notice was taken of this by others, nor did Smallbones observe it himself, during the confusion and bustle previous to the departure of the smugglers; but now they were gone, Smallbones perceived his deficiencies, and was very much at a loss what to do, as he was aware that day-

light would discover them to others as well as to himself : so he fixed his back up against one of the rocks, and remained idle while the women were busily employed storing away the cargo in the various compartments of the cave.

Nancy, who had not forgotten that he was with them, came up to him,

“ Why do you stay there, Smallbones ? you must be hungry and cold, come in with me, and I will find you something to eat.”

“ I can’t, Mistress Nancy, I want your advice first. Has any of the men left any of their duds in this here cavern ?”

“ Duds, men ! No, they keep them all on the other side. We have nothing but petticoats here and shimmeys.”

“ Then what must I do !” exclaimed Smallbones.

“ Oh, I see, your shirt is torn off your back. Well, never mind, I’ll lend you a shimmeys.”

“ Yes, Mistress Nancy, but it be more worse than that, I an’t got no behind to my trousers,

they pulled it out when they pulled me into the boat. I sticks to this here rock for decency's sake. What must I do?"

Nancy, burst into a laugh. "Do, why if you can't have men's clothes, you must put on the women's, and then you'll be in the regular uniform of the cave."

"I do suppose that I must, but I can't say that I like the idea much, any how," replied Smallbones.

"Why, you don't mean to stick to that rock like a limpit all your life, do you? there's plenty of work for you."

"If so be, I must, I must," replied Smallbones.

"You can't appear before Mistress Alice, in that state," replied Nancy. "She's a lady bred and born, and very particular too, and then there's Miss Lilly, you will turn her as red as a rose, if she sees you."

"Well then, I suppose, I must, Mistress Nancy, for I shall catch my death of cold here,

I'm all wet and shivery, from being so long in the water, and my back against the rock, feels just as ice."

"No wonder, I'll run and fetch you something," replied Nancy, who was delighted at the idea of dressing up Smallbones as a woman.

Nancy soon returned with a chemise, a short flannel petticoat, and a shawl, which she gave to Smallbones, desiring him to take off his wet clothes, and substitute them. She would return to him as soon as he had put them on, and see that they were put tidy and right.

Smallbones retired behind one of the rocks, and soon shifted his clothes, he put every thing on the hind part before, and Nancy had to alter them when she came. She adjusted the shawl, and then led him into the cave where he found Mistress Alice, and some of the women who were not busy with the cargo.

"Here's the poor lad who was thrown overboard, madam," said Nancy, retaining her gra-

vity. "All his clothes were torn off his back, and I have been obliged to give him these to put on."

Lady Ramsay could hardly repress a smile. Smallbones's appearance was that of a tall gaunt creature, pale enough, and smooth enough to be a woman certainly, but cutting a most ridiculous figure. His long thin arms were bare, his neck was like a crane's, and the petticoats were so short as to reach almost above his knees. Shoes and stockings he had none. His long hair was platted and matted with the salt water, and one side of his head was shaved, and exhibited a monstrous half-healed scar.

Lady Ramsay asked him a few questions, and then desired Nancy to give him some refreshment, and find him something to lie down upon in the division of the cave, which was used as a kitchen.

But we must now leave Smallbones to entertain the inhabitants of the cave with the history of his adventures, which he did at intervals,

during his stay there. He retained his women's clothes, for Nancy would not let him wear any other, and was a source of great amusement not only to the smugglers' wives, but also to little Lilly, who would listen to his conversation and remarks which were almost as naïve and unsophisticated as her own.

CHAPTER IX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken meets with a double defeat.

It was late in the evening of the day after Smallbones had been so satisfactorily disposed of that the cutter arrived at Portsmouth; but from daylight until the time that the cutter anchored, there was no small confusion and bustle on board of the Yungfrau. When Vanslyperken's cabin door was found to be locked, it was determined that Smallbones should not appear as a supernatural visitant that night, but wait till the one following; consequently the parties retired to bed, and Smallbones, who found the heat between decks very oppressive,

had crept up the ladder and taken a berth in the small boat that he might sleep cool and comfortable, intending to be down below again long before Mr. Vanslyperken was up ; but, as the reader knows, Mr. Vanslyperken was up before him, and the consequence was that Smallbones went down into the sea instead of the lower deck as he had intended.

The next morning it was soon ascertained that Smallbones was not to be found, and the ship's company were in a state of dismay. The boat, as soon as Smallbones had been turned out, had resumed her upright position, and one of the men when busy washing the decks, had made fast the gripe again, which he supposed had been cast off by accident when the ropes had been coiled up for washing, Smallbones not being at that time missed. When, therefore, the decks had been searched every where and the lad was discovered not to be in the ship, the suspicion was very great. No one had seen him go aft to sleep in the boat. The man who

was at the wheel stated that Mr. Vanslyperken had sent him down for a glass of grog, and had taken the helm for the time; but this proved nothing. His disappearance was a mystery not to be unravelled. An appeal to Mr. Vanslyperken was, of course, impossible, for he did not know that the lad was on board. The whole day was spent in surmises and suppositions; but things all ended in the simple fact, that somehow or another Smallbones had fallen overboard, and there was an end of the poor fellow.

So soon as the cutter was at anchor, Mr. Vanslyperken hastened to perform his official duties, and anxious to learn how Smallbones had contrived to escape the clutches of his mother, bent his steps towards the half-way houses. He arrived at the door of his mother's room, and knocked as usual, but there was no reply. It was now the latter end of July, and although it was past seven o'clock it was full daylight. Vanslyperken knocked again and

again. His mother must be out, he thought ; and if so, she always took the key with her. He had nothing to do but to wait for her return. The passage and staircase was dark, but there was a broad light in the room from the casement, and this light streamed from under the door of the room. A shade crossing the light, attracted Vanslyperken's attention, and to while away the tediousness of waiting he was curious to see what it was ; he knelt down, looked under the door, and perceived the key which Smallbones had placed there ; he inserted his finger and drew it forth, imagining that his mother had slid it beneath till her return.

He fitted it to the lock and opened the door, when his olfactory nerves were offended with a dreadful stench, which surprised him the more as the casement was open. Vanslyperken surveyed the room, he perceived that the blood had been washed from the floor and sand strewed over it. Had he not known that Smallbones had been on board of the cutter the

day before, he would have thought that it had been the smell of the dead body not yet removed. This thought crossing his imagination, immediately made the truth flash upon him, and, as if instinctively, he went up to the bed and pulled down the clothes, when he recoiled back with horror at uncovering the face of his mother, now of a livid blue and in the last stage of putrefaction.

Overcome with the horrid sight, and the dreadful stench which accompanied it, he reeled to the casement and gasped for breath. A sickness came over him, and for some time he was incapable of acting and barely capable of reflection.

"She is gone then," thought he at last, and he shuddered when he asked himself *where*. She must have fallen by the hands of the lad," continued he, and immediately the whole that had happened appeared to be revealed to him. "Yes, yes, he has recovered from the blow—killed her and locked the door—all is clear now, but I have revenged her death."

Vanslyperken, who had now recovered himself, went softly to the door, took out the key and locked himself in. He had been debating in his mind whether he should call in the neighbours ; but, on reflection, as no one had seen him enter, he determined that he would not. He would take his gold and leave the door locked and the key under it, as he found it before her death was discovered : it would be supposed that she died a natural death, for the state of the body would render it impossible to prove the contrary. But there was one act necessary to be performed at which Vanslyperken's heart recoiled. The key of the oak chest was about his mother's person and he must obtain it, he must search for it in corruption and death, amongst creeping worms and noisome stench. It was half an hour before he could make up his mind to the task ! but what will avarice not accomplish !

He covered up the face, and with a trembling hand turned over the bedclothes. But we

must not disgust our readers, it will suffice to say, that the key was obtained, and the chest opened.

Vanslyperken found all his own gold, and much more than he had ever expected belonging to his mother. There were other articles belonging to him, but he thought it prudent not to touch them. He loaded himself with the treasure, and when he felt that it was all secure, for he was obliged to divide it in different parcels, and stow it in various manners about his person, he re-locked the chest, placed the key in the cupboard, and quitting the room made fast the door, and like a dutiful son, left the remains of his mother to be inhumed at the expense of the parish.

As he left the house without being observed, and gained the town of Portsmouth, never was Mr. Vanslyperken's body so heavily loaded, or his heart lighter. He had got rid of Smallbones and of his mother, both in a way perfectly satisfactory to himself.

He had recovered his own gold, and had also been enriched beyond his hopes by his mother's savings. He felt not the weight which he carried about his person, he wished it had been heavier. All he felt was, very anxious to be on board and have his property secured. His boat waited for him, and one of the men informed him his presence was required at the admiral's immediately ; but Mr. Vanslyperken first went on board, and having safely locked up all his treasures, then complied with the admiral's wishes. They were to sail immediately, for the intelligence of the Duke of Gloucester's death had just arrived with the despatches, announcing the same to be taken to King William, who was still at the Hague. Vanslyperken sent the boat on board with orders to Short, to heave short and loose sails, and then hastened up to the house of Lazarus, the Jew, aware that the cutter would, in all probability, be despatched immediately to the Hague. The

Jew had the letters for Ramsay all prepared. Vanslyperken once more touched his liberal fee, and, in an hour, he was again under way for the Texel.

During the passage, which was very quick, Mr. Vanslyperken amused himself as usual, in copying the letters to Ramsay, which contained the most important intelligence of the projects of the Jacobites, and, from the various communications between Ramsay and the conspirators, Vanslyperken had also been made acquainted with the circumstance hitherto unknown to him, of the existence of the caves above the cove, where he had been taken to by the informer, as mentioned in the early part of this work, and also of the names of the parties who visited it.

Of this intelligence Vanslyperken determined to avail himself by-and-by. It was evident that there were only women in the cave, and Mr. Vanslyperken counted his gold, patted the

head of Snarley yow, and indulged in anticipations of further wealth, and the hand of the widow Vandersloosh.

All dreams ! Mr. Vanslyperken.

The cutter arrived, and he landed with his despatches for the government ; and his letters to Ramsay being all delivered, Vanslyperken hastened to the widow's, who, as usual, received him, all smiles. He now confided to her the death of his mother, and astonished her by representing the amount of his wealth, which he had the precaution to state, that the major part of it was left him by his mother.

“ Where have you put it all, Mr. Vanslyperken ? ” inquired the widow. And Vanslyperken replied that he had come to ask her advice on the subject, as it was at present all on board of the cutter. The widow, who was not indifferent to money, was more gracious than ever. She had a scheme in her head of persuading him to leave the money under her charge ; but

Vanslyperken was anxious to go on board again, for he discovered that the key was not in his pocket, and he was fearful that he might have left it on the cabin table; so he quitted rather abruptly, and the widow had not time to bring the battery to bear. As soon as Mr. Vanslyperken arrived on board, Corporal Van Spitter, without asking leave, for he felt it was not necessary, went on shore, and was soon in the arms of his enamoured widow Vandersloosh. In the mean time, Mr. Vanslyperken discovered the key in the pocket of the waistcoat he had thrown off, and having locked his door, he again opened his drawer, and delighted himself for an hour or two in re-arranging his treasure; after which, feeling himself in want of occupation, it occurred to him, that he might as well dedicate a little more time to the widow, so he manned his boat and went on shore again.

It is all very well to have a morning and afternoon lover if ladies are so inclined, just

as they have a morning and afternoon dress, but they should be worn separately. Now, as it never entered the head of Mr. Vanslyperken that the corporal was playing him false, so did it never enter the idea of the widow, that Mr. Vanslyperken would make his appearance in the evening, and leave the cutter and Snarley yow, without the corporal being on board to watch over them.

But Mr. Vanslyperken did leave the cutter and Snarley yow, did come on shore, did walk to the widow's house, and did most unexpectedly enter it, and what was the consequence?—that he was not perceived when he entered it, and the door of the parlour as well as the front door being open to admit the air, for the widow and the corporal found, that making love in the dog days was rather warm work for people of their caliber—to his mortification and rage the lieutenant beheld the corporal seated in his berth, on the little fubsy sofa, with one arm round the widow's waist, his other hand joined

in hers, and, *proh pudor!* sucking at her dewy lips like some huge carp under the water-lilies on a midsummer's afternoon.

Mr. Vanslyperken was transfixed—the parties were too busy with their amorous interchange to perceive his presence; at last the corporal thought that his lips required moistening with a little of the beer of the widow's own brewing, for the honey of her lips had rather glued them together—he turned towards the table to take up his tumbler, and he beheld Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal, for a moment, was equally transfixed, but on these occasions people act mechanically because they don't know what to do. The corporal had been well drilled, he rose from the sofa, held himself perfectly upright, and raised the back of his right hand to his forehead, there he stood like a statue saluting at the presence of his superior officer.

The widow had also perceived the presence of Vanslyperken almost as soon as the corporal,

but a woman's wits are more at their command on these occasions than a man's. She felt that all concealment was now useless, and she prepared for action. At the same time, although ready to discharge a volley of abuse upon Vanslyperken, she paused, to ascertain how she should proceed. Assuming an indifferent air, she said—"Well, Mr. Vanslyperken?"

"Well!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, but he could not speak for passion.

"Eaves-dropping, as usual, Mr. Vanslyperken?"

"May the roof of this house drop on you, you infernal ——."

"No indelicate language, if you please, sir," interrupted the widow, "I won't put up with it in my house, I can tell you—ho, ho, Mr. Vanslyperken," continued the widow, working herself into a rage, "that won't do here, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"Why, you audacious—you double-faced —"

"Double-faced! — it's a pity you wer'n't

double-faced, as you call it, with that snivelling nose and crooked chin of yours. Double-faced, heh!—oh! oh! Mr. Vanslyperken—we shall see—wait a little—we shall see who's double-faced. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken—that for you, Mr. Vanslyperken—I can hang you when I please, Mr. Vanslyperken. Corporal, how many guineas did you see counted out to him at the house opposite?"

During all this the corporal remained fixed and immoveable with his hand up to the salute; but on being questioned by his mistress, he replied, remaining in the same respectful attitude,

"Fifty golden guineas, Mistress Vander-sloosh."

"A lie! an infamous lie!" cried Vanslyperken, drawing his sword. "Traitor, that you are," continued he to the corporal, "take your reward." This was a very critical moment. The corporal did not attempt the defensive, but remained in the same attitude, and Van-

slyperken's rage at the falsehood of the widow, and the discovery of his treason was so great, that he had lost all command of himself. Had not a third party come in just as Vanslyperken drew his sword, it might have gone hard with the corporal; but fortunately Babette came in from the yard, and perceiving the sword fly out of the scabbard, she put her hand behind the door, and snatched two long-handled brooms, one of which she put into the hands of her mistress, and retained the other herself.

"Take your reward!" cried Vanslyperken, running furiously to cut down the corporal. But his career was stopped by the two brooms, one of which took him in the face, and the other in the chest. The widow and Babette now ranged side by side, holding their brooms as soldiers do their arms as in charge of bayonets.

How did the corporal act? He retained his former respectful position, leaving the defensive

or offensive in the hands of the widow and Babette.

This check on the part of Vanslyperken only added to his rage. Again he flew with his sword at the corporal, and again he was met with the besoms in his face. He caught one with his hand, and he was knocked back with the other. He attempted to cut them in two with his sword, but in vain.

“ Out of my house, you villain!—you traitor—out of my house,” cried the widow, pushing at him with such force as to drive him against the wall, and pinning him there while Babette charged him in his face which was now streaming with blood. The attack was now followed up with such vigour, that Vanslyperken was first obliged to retreat to the door, then out of the door into the street, followed into the street he took to his heels, and the widow and Babette returned victorious into the parlour to the corporal. Mr. Vanslyperken could not

accuse him of want of respect to his superior officer; he had saluted him on entering, and he was still saluting him when he made his exit.

The widow threw herself on the sofa—Corporal Van Spitter then took his seat beside her. The widow overcome by her rage and exertion, burst into tears and sobbed in his arms.

The corporal poured out a glass of beer, and persuaded her to drink it.

“I’ll have him hanged to-morrow, at all events. I’ll go to the Hague myself,” cried the widow. “Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see who will gain the day,” continued the widow, sobbing.

“You can prove it, corporal?”

“Mein Gott, yes,” replied the corporal.

“As soon as he’s hung, corporal, we’ll marry.”

“Mein Gott, yes.”

“Traitorous villain!—sell his king and his country for gold!”

“Mein Gott, yes.”

“You’re sure it was fifty guineas, corporal?”

“Mein Gott, yes.”

“Ah, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see,” said the widow, drying her eyes. “Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, you shall be hanged, and your cur with you, or my name’s not Vander-sloosh.”

“Mein Gott, yes,” replied the corporal.

CHAPTER X.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken proves his loyalty and his fidelity to King William.

MR. VANSLYPERKEN hastened from his inglorious conflict, maddened with rage and disappointment. He returned on board, went down into his cabin, and threw himself on his bed. His hopes and calculations had been so brilliant—rid of his enemy Smallbones—with gold in possession, and more in prospect, to be so cruelly deceived by the widow—the cockatrice! Then by one to whom he fully confided, and who knew too many of his secrets already—Corporal Van Spitter—he too!—and to dare to aspire to the widow—it was madness

—and then their knowledge of his treason—the corporal having witnessed his receiving the gold—with such bitter enemies what could he expect but a halter—he felt it even now round his neck, and Vanslyperken groaned in the bitterness of his spirit.

In the mean time, there was a consultation between the widow and the corporal as to the best method of proceeding. That the corporal could expect nothing but the most determined hostility from Vanslyperken was certain; but for this the corporal cared little, as he had all the crew of the cutter on his side, and he was in his own person too high in rank to be at the mercy of Vanslyperken.

After many pros and cons, and at least a dozen bottles of beer—for the excitement on the part of the corporal, and the exertion of the widow, had made them both dry—it was resolved that the Frau Vandersloosh should demand an audience at the Hague the next morning, and should communicate the treason-

able practices of Mr. Vanslyperken, calling upon the corporal as a witness to the receipt of the money from the Jesuit.

“Mein Gott!” exclaimed the corporal, striking his bull forehead as if a new thought had required being forced out, “but they will ask me how I came there myself, and what shall I say?”

“Say that the jesuit-father had sent for you to try and seduce you to do his treason, but that you would not consent.”

“Mein Gott, yes—that will do.”

The corporal then returned on board, but did not think it worth while to report himself to Mr. Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had also been thinking over the matter, and in what way he should be able to escape from the toils prepared for him. That the widow would immediately inform the authorities he was convinced. How was he to get out of his scrape.

Upon mature reflection, he decided that it was to be done. He had copies of all Ramsay's letters, and those addressed to Ramsay, and the last delivered were very important. Now, his best plan would be to set off for the Hague early the next morning—demand an interview with one of the ministers, or even his majesty himself—state that he had been offered money from the Jacobite party to carry their letters, and that, with a view to serve his majesty by finding out their secrets, he had consented to do it, and had taken the money to satisfy them that he was sincere. That he had opened the letters and copied them, and that now as the contents were important, he had thought it right to make them immediately known to the government, and at the same time to bring the money received for the service, to be placed at his majesty's disposal.

“Whether she is before or after me,” thought Vanslyperken, “it will then be little

matter, all I shall have to fear will be from Ramsay and his party, but the government will be bound to protect me."

There certainly was much wisdom in this plan of Vanslyperken, it was the only one which could have been attended with success, or with any chance of it.

Mr. Vanslyperken was up at daylight, and dressed in his best uniform; he put in his pocket all the copies of the Jacobite correspondence, and went on shore—hired a calash, for he did not know how to ride, and set off for the Hague, where he arrived about ten o'clock. He sent up his name, and requested an audience with the Duke of Portland, as an officer commanding one of his majesty's vessels: he was immediately admitted.

"What is your pleasure, Mr. Vanslyperken?" said the duke, who was standing at the table, in company with Lord Albemarle.

Vanslyperken was a little confused—he

muttered, and stammered about anxiety, and loyalty, and fidelity, and excess of zeal, &c.—

No wonder he stammered, for he was talking of what he knew nothing about—but these two noblemen recollecting his confusion when presented to his sovereign on board of the frigate, made allowances.

“I have at last,” cried Vanslyperken, with more confidence, “been able to discover the plots of the Jacobites, your grace.”

“Indeed! Mr. Vanslyperken,” replied the duke, smiling incredulously, “and pray what may they be? you must be as expeditious as possible for his majesty is waiting for us.”

“These letters will take some time to read,” replied Vanslyperken; “but their contents are most important.”

“Indeed, letters—how have you possession of their letters?”

“It will be rather a long story, sir—my lord! I mean,” replied Vanslyperken; “but

they will amply repay an hour of your time, if you can spare it."

At this moment, the door opened and his majesty entered the room. At the sight of the king, Vanslyperken's confidence, was again taking French leave.

"My lords, I am waiting for you," said the king, with a little asperity of manner.

"May it please your majesty, here is Lieutenant Vanslyperken, commanding one of your majesty's vessels, who states that he has important intelligence, and that he has possession of Jacobite papers."

"Indeed!" replied King William, who was always alive to Jacobite plotting, from which he had already run so much risk.

"What is it, Mr. Vanslyperken? speak boldly what you have to communicate."

"Your majesty, I beg your gracious pardon, but here are copies of the correspondence carried on by the traitors in England and this country. If your majesty will deign to

have it read, you will then perceive how important it is—after your majesty has read it, I will have the honour to explain to you by what means it came into my possession.”

King William was a man of business, and Vanslyperken had done wisely in making this proposal. His majesty at once sat down, with the Duke of Portland on the one side, and Lord Albemarle on the other: the latter took the letters which were arranged according to their dates, and read them in a clear distinct voice.

As the reading went on, his majesty made memorandums and notes with his pencil on a sheet of paper, but did not interrupt during the whole progress of the lecture. When the last and most important was finished, the two noblemen looked at his majesty, with countenances full of meaning. For a few moments, his majesty drummed with the second and third finger of his left hand upon the table, and then said—

“Pray, Mr. Vanslyperken, how did you obtain possession of these papers and letters, or make copies of these letters?”

Vanslyperken, who had been standing at the other side of the table during the time of the reading, had anxiously watched the countenance of his majesty and the two noblemen, and perceived that the intelligence which the letters contained, had created a strong feeling, as he expected. With a certain degree of confidence, he commenced his explanation.

He stated that the crew of the cutter had been accustomed to frequent the Lust Haus of a certain widow Vandersloosh, and that he had made her acquaintance, by several times going there to look after his seamen.

That this widow had often hinted to him, and at last proposed to him, that he should take letters for some friends of hers—at last she had told him plainly that it was for the Jacobite party, and he pretended to consent.

That he had been taken by her to the house of a Jesuit, 169, in the Bur street, nearly opposite to her Lust Haus, and that the Jesuit had given him some letters and fifty guineas for his trouble.

He then stated, that he had opened, copied, and resealed them; further, that he had brought over one of the confederates, who was now residing in the house of the syndic, Van Krause. That he should have made all this known before, only that he waited till it was more important. That the last letters appeared of such consequence, that he deemed it his duty no longer to delay.

“You have done well, Mr. Vanslyperken,” replied his majesty.

“And played a bold game,” observed Lord Albemarle, fixing his eyes upon Vanslyperken. “Suppose you had been found out co-operating with traitors, before you made this discovery!”

“ I might have forfeited my life in my zeal,” replied Mr. Vanslyperken, with adroitness; “ but that is the duty of a king’s officer.”

“ That is well said,” observed the Duke of Portland.

“ I have a few questions to put to you, Mr. Vanslyperken,” observed his majesty.

“ What is the cave they mention so often ?”

“ It is on the bank of the Isle of Wight, your majesty. I did not know of its existence, but from the letters — but I once laid a whole night in the cove underneath it, to intercept the smugglers, upon information that I had received, but the alarm was given, and they escaped.”

“ Who is their agent at Portsmouth ?”

“ A Jew of the name of Lazarus, residing in Little Orange-street, at the back of the point, your majesty !”

“ Do you know of any of the names of the conspirators ?”

“ I do not, your majesty, except a woman,

who is very active, one Moggy Salisbury—her husband not a month back, was the boatswain of the cutter, but by some interest or another, he has obtained his discharge.”

“My Lord of Portland, take a memorandum to inquire who it was applied for the discharge of that man. Mr. Vanslyperken you may retire—we will call you in by-and-by—you will be secret as to what has passed.”

“I have one more duty to perform,” replied Vanslyperken, taking some rouleaus of gold out of his pocket; “this is the money received from the traitors—it is not for a king’s officer to have it in his possession.”

“You are right, Mr. Vanslyperken, but the gold of traitors is forfeited to the crown, and it is now mine, you will accept it as a present from your king.”

Mr. Vanslyperken took the gold from the table, made a bow, and retired from the royal presence.

The reader will acknowledge that it was im-

possible to play his cards better than Mr. Vanslyperken had done in this interview, and that he deserved great credit for his astute conduct. With such diplomatic talents, he would have made a great prime minister.

“The council was ordered at twelve o’clock, my lords. These letters must be produced. That they are genuine appears to me beyond a doubt.”

“That they are faithful copies, I doubt not,” replied Lord Albermarle, “but”—

“But what?” my Lord Albemarle.

“I very much suspect the fidelity of the copier—there is something more that has not been told, depend upon it.”

“Why do you think so, my lord?”

“Because, your majesty, allowing that a man would act the part that Mr. Vanslyperken says that he has done to discover the conspiracy, still, would he not naturally, to avoid any risk to himself, have furnished government with the first correspondence, and obtained their sanc-

tion for prosecuting his plans ? This officer has been employed for the last two years or more in carrying the despatches to the Hague, and it must at once strike your majesty, that a person who can, with such dexterity, open the letters of others can also open those of his own government."

"That is true, my lord," replied his majesty, musing.

"Your majesty is well aware that suspicions were entertained of the fidelity of the syndic, suspicions which the evidence of this officer have verified. But why were these suspicions raised ? Because he knew of the government secrets, and it was supposed he obtained them from some one who is in our trust, but inimical to us and unworthy of the confidence reposed in him.

"Your majesty's acuteness will at once perceive that the secrets may have been obtained by Mynheer Krause, by the same means as have been resorted to, to obtain the secrets of the conspirators. I may be in error, and if I do this

officer wrong by my suspicions, may God forgive me, but there is something in his looks which tells me"—

“What, my lord?”

“That he is a traitor to both parties. May it please your majesty.”

“By the Lord, Albermarle, I think you have hit upon the truth,” replied the Duke of Portland.

“Of that we shall soon have proof—at present, we have to decide whether it be advisable to employ him to discover more, or at once to seize upon the parties he has denounced. But that had better be canvassed in the council-chamber. Come, my lords, they be waiting for us.”

The affair was of too great importance not to absorb all other business, and it was decided that the house of Mynheer Krause, and of the Jesuit, and the Widow Vandersloosh should be entered by the peace-officers, at midnight, and

that they and any of the conspirators who might be found should be thrown into prison. That the cutter should be despatched immediately to England, with orders to seize all the other parties informed against by Vanslyperken, and that a force should be sent to attack the cave, and secure those who might be found there, with directions to the admiral, that Mr. Vanslyperken should be employed both as a guide, and to give the assistance of the cutter and his crew.

These arrangements having been made, the council broke up, King William had a conference with his two favourites, and Vanslyperken was sent for.

“Lieutenant Vanslyperken, we feel much indebted to you for your important communications, and we shall not forget, in due time, to reward your zeal and loyalty as it deserves. At present, it is necessary that you sail for England as soon as our despatches are ready, which will

be before midnight; you will then receive your orders from the admiral, at Portsmouth, and I have no doubt you will take the opportunity of affording us fresh proofs of your fidelity and attachment."

Mr. Vanslyperken bowed humbly and retired, delighted with the successful result of his manœuvre, and, with a gay heart he leaped into his calash, and drove off.

"Yes, yes," thought he, "Madam Vandersloosh, you would betray me. We shall see. Yes, yes, we shall see, Madam Vandersloosh."

And sure enough he did see Madam Vandersloosh, who in another calash was driving to the palace, and who met him face to face.

Vanslyperken turned up his nose at her as he passed by, and the widow astonished at his presumption, thought as she went on her way, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see, you may turn up your snivelling nose, but stop till your head's in the halter—yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, stop till your head's in the halter."

We must leave Mr. Vanslyperken to drive, and the Widow Vandersloosh to drive, while we drive on ourselves.

The subsequent events of this eventful day we will narrate in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

In which there is much bustle and confusion, plot and counter-plot.

ABOUT two hours after the council had broken up, the following communication was delivered into the hands of Ramsay by an old woman, who immediately took her departure.

“The lieutenant of the cutter has taken copies of all your correspondence and betrayed you. You must fly immediately, as at midnight you and all of you will be seized. In justice to Mynheer Krause, leave documents to clear him.

“The cutter will sail this evening—with orders to secure your friends at Portsmouth and the cave.”

“ Now, by the holy cross of our Saviour ! I will have revenge upon that dastard ; there is no time to lose ; five minutes for reflection, and then to act,” thought Ramsay, as he twisted up this timely notice, which, it must be evident to the reader, must have been sent by one who had been summoned to the council. Ramsay’s plans were soon formed, he despatched a trusty messenger to the Jesuit’s, desiring him to communicate immediately with the others, and upon what plan to proceed. He then wrote a note to Vanslyperken, requesting his immediate presence, and hastened to the morning apartment of Wilhelmina. In a few words, he told her that he had received timely notice that it was the intention of the government to seize her father and him as suspected traitors, and throw them that very night in prison.

Wilhelmina made no reply.

“ For your father, my dearest girl, there is no fear : he will be fully acquitted ; but I, Wil-

helmina must part immediately, or my life is forfeited."

"Leave me, Edward?" replied Wilhelmina.

"No, you must go with me, Wilhelmina, for more than one reason; the government have ordered the seizure of the persons to be made in the night, to avoid a disturbance; but that they will not be able to prevent; the mob, are but too happy to prove their loyalty, when they can do so by rapine and plunder, and depend upon it that this house will be sacked and levelled to the ground before to-morrow evening. You cannot go to prison with your father; you cannot remain here, to be at the mercy of an infuriated and lawless mob. You must go with me, Wilhelmina: trust to me, not only for my sake, but for your father's."

"My father's, Edward, it is that only I am thinking of; how can I leave my father at such a time?"

"You will save your father by so doing."

Your departure with me will substantiate his innocence; decide, my dearest girl; decide at once; you must either fly with me, or we must part for ever."

"Oh no, that must not be, Edward," cried Wilhelmina, bursting into tears.

After some further persuasions on the part of Ramsay, and fresh tears from the attached maiden, it was agreed that she should act upon his suggestions, and with a throbbing heart, she went to her chamber to make the necessary preparations, while Ramsay requested that Mynheer Krause would give him a few minutes of his company in his room above.

The syndic soon made his appearance; "Well, Mynheer Ramsay, you have some news to tell me, I am sure:" for Mynheer Krause, notwithstanding his rebuff from the king, could not divest himself of his failing of fetching and carrying reports. Ramsay went to the door and turned the key.

"I have, indeed, most important news, Myn-

heer Krause, and, I am sorry to say, very unpleasant also."

"Indeed," replied the syndic, with alarm.

"Yes; I find from a notice given me by one of his majesty's council, assembled this morning at the Hague, that you are suspected of treasonable practices."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed the syndic.

"And that this very night you are to be seized and thrown into prison."

"I, the syndic of the town! I, who put every body else into prison!"

"Even so; such is the gratitude of King William for your long and faithful services, Mynheer Krause! I have now sent for you, that we may consult as to what had best be done. Will you fly? I have the means for your escape."

"Fly, Mynheer Ramsay; the syndic of Amsterdam fly? Never! they may accuse me falsely; they may condemn me and take off my

head before the Stadt House, but I will not fly."

"I expected this answer; and you are right, Mynheer Krause; but there are other considerations worthy of your attention. When the populace know you are in prison for treason, they will level this house to the ground."

"Well, and so they ought, if they suppose me guilty; I care little for that."

"I am aware of that; but still your property will be lost; but it will be but a matter of prudence to save all you can: you have already a large sum of gold collected."

"I have four thousand guilders, at least."

"You must think of your daughter, Mynheer Krause. This gold must not find its way into the pockets of the mob. Now, observe, the king's cutter sails to-night, and I propose that your gold be embarked, and I will take it over for you and keep it safe. Then, let what will

happen, your daughter will not be left to beggary."

"True, true, my dear sir, there is no saying how this will end: it may end well; but, as you say, if the house is plundered, the gold is gone for ever. Your advice is good, and I will give you, before you go, orders for all the monies in the hands of my agents at Hamburgh and Frankfort and other places. I have taken your advice my young friend, and, though I have property to the amount of some hundred thousand guilders, with the exception of this house they will hold little of it which belongs to Mynheer Krause. And my poor daughter, Mynheer Ramsay!"

"Should any accident happen to you, you may trust to me, I swear it to you, Mynheer Krause, on my hope of salvation."

Here the old man sat down much affected, and covered his face.

"Oh! my dear young friend, what a world is this, where they cannot distinguish a true

and a loyal subject from a traitor. But why could you not stay here,—protect my house from the mob,—demand the civic guard.”

“ I stay here, my dear sir, why I am included in the warrant of treason.”

“ You ? ”

“ Yes ; and there would be no chance of my escaping from my enemies, they detest me too much. But cheer up, sir, I think that, by my means, you may be cleared of all suspicions.”

“ By your means ? ”

“ Yes ; but I must not explain ; my departure is necessary for your safety : I will take the whole upon myself, and you shall be saved.”

“ I really cannot understand you, my dear friend ; but it appears to me, as if you were going to make some great sacrifice for my sake.”

“ I will not be questioned, Mynheer Krause ; only this I say, that I am resolved that you shall be proved innocent. It is my duty.

But we have no time to lose. Let your gold be ready at sunset: I will have every thing prepared."

"But my daughter must not remain here; she will be by herself, at the mercy of the mob."

"Be satisfied, Mynheer Krause, that is also cared for, your daughter must leave this house, and be in a safe retreat before the officers come in to seize you: I have arranged every thing."

"Where do you propose sending her?"

"Not to any of your friends' houses, Mynheer Krause, no—no, but I'll see her in safety before I leave, do not be afraid; it must depend upon circumstances, but of that hereafter, you have no time to lose."

"God in heaven!" exclaimed Mynheer Krause, unlocking the door, "that I, the syndic, the most loyal subject! — well, well, you may truly say, 'put not your trust in princes.'"

“Trust in me, Mynheer Krause,” replied Ramsay, taking his hand.

“I do, I will, my good friend, and I will go to prison proudly, and like an innocent and injured man.”

And Mynheer Krause hastened down to his counting-house, to make the proposed arrangements, Ramsay returning to Wilhelmina, to whom he imparted what had taken place between him and her father, and which had the effect of conforming her resolution.

We must now return to the widow Vander-sloosh, who has arrived safely, but melting with the heat of her journey, at the Palace of the Hague. She immediately informed one of the domestics that she wished to speak with his majesty upon important business.

“I cannot take your name into his majesty, but if you will give it me, I will speak to Lord Albemarle.”

The widow wrote her name down upon a slip of paper; with which the servant went away,

and then the widow sat down upon a bench in the hall, and cooled herself with her fan.

“Frau Vandersloosh,” said Lord Albemarle, on reading the name.

“Let her come up,—why this,” continued he, turning to the Duke of Portland, who was sitting by him, “is the woman who is ordered to be arrested this night, upon the evidence of Lieutenant Vanslyperken, we shall learn something now, depend upon it.”

The Frau Vandersloosh made her appearance, sailing in the room like a Dutch man-of-war of that period, under full sail, high pooped and broad sterned. Never having stood in the presence of great men, she was not a little confused, so she fanned herself most furiously.

“You wish to speak with me,” said Lord Albemarle.

“Yes, your honour’s honour, I’ve come to expose a snivelling traitor to his majesty’s crown. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall

see now," continued the widow, talking to herself, and fanning away.

"We are all attentive, madam."

Mistress Vanslyperken then began, out of breath, and continued out of breath till she had told the whole of her story, which, as the reader must be aware, only corroborated all Vanslyperken had already stated, with the exception that he had denounced the widow. Lord Albemarle allowed her to proceed without interruption, he had a great insight into character, and the story of the widow confirmed him in his opinion of Vanslyperken.

"But my good woman," said Lord Albemarle, "are you aware that Mr. Vanslyperken has already been here?"

"Yes, your honour, I met him going back, and he turned his nose up at me, and I then said 'Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see; wait a little, Mr. Vanslyperken.'"

"And," continued Lord Albemarle, "that

he has denounced you as being a party to all these treasonable practices."

"Me!—denounced me—he—O Lord, O Lord, only let me meet him face to face—let him say it then if he dares, the snivelling—cowardly—murdering wretch."

Thereupon Mrs. Vandersloosh commenced the history of Vanslyperken's wooing, of his cur Snarley yow, of her fancy for the corporal, of his finding her with the corporal the day before, of her beating him off with the brooms, and of her threats to expose his treason. "And so, now, when he finds that he was to be exposed, he comes up first himself; that's now the truth of it, or my name's not Vandersloosh, your honour," and the widow walked up and down with the march of an elephant, fanning herself violently, her bosom heaving with agitation, and her face as red as a boiled lobster.

"Mistress Vandersloosh," said Lord Albe-marle, "let the affair rest as it is for the present,

but I shall not forget what you have told me. I think now that you had better go home."

At this dismissal the widow turned round.

"Thank your worship kindly," said she, "I'm ready to come whenever I'm wanted. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken," resumed the widow, as she walked to the door, quite forgetting the respect due to the two noblemen. "We shall see ; yes, yes, we shall see."

"Well, my lord, what think you of this?" said Lord Albemarle to the duke, as the widow closed the door.

"Upon my soul I think she is honest ; she is too fat for a traitor."

"I am of your opinion. The episode of the corporal was delightful, and has thrown much light upon the lieutenant's conduct, who is a traitor in my opinion, if ever there was one ; but he must be allowed to fulfil his task, and then we will soon find out the traitor ; but if I mistake not, that man was born to be hung."

We must now return to Mr. Vanslyperken,

who received the note from Ramsay, just as he was going down to the boat. As he did not know what steps were to be taken by government, he determined to go up to Ramsay, and inform him of his order for immediately sailing.

He might gain further information from his letters, and also remove the suspicion of his having betrayed him. Ramsay received Mr. Vanslyperken with an air of confidence.

“Sit down, Mr. Vanslyperken, I wish to know whether there is any chance of your sailing.”

“I was about to come up to you to state that I have orders to sail this evening.”

“That is fortunate, as I intended to take a passage with you, and what is more, Mr. Vanslyperken, I have a large sum in specie, which we must contrive to get on board. Cannot we contrive it, I cannot go without it.”

“A large sum in specie?” Vanslyperken re-

flected. "Yes, he would secure Ramsay as a prisoner, and possess himself of the specie if he could. His entrapping Ramsay on board would be another proof of his fidelity and dexterity. But then Vanslyperken thought of the defection of the corporal, but that was of no great consequence. The crew of the cutter dare not disobey him, when they were ordered to seize a traitor."

While Vanslyperken was meditating this, Ramsay fixed his eyes upon him waiting for his reply.

"It will be difficult," observed Vanslyperken, "to get the specie on board without being seen."

"I'm afraid so too, but I have a proposition to make. Suppose you get under way, and—heave to a mile outside, I will then come off in the syndic's barge. I can have the use of it. Then nothing will be discovered."

Vanslyperken appeared to reflect again.

“I shall still run a great risk, Mr. Ramsay.”

“You will run some little perhaps, but you will be well paid for it, I promise you.”

“Well sir, I consent,” replied Vanslyperken.

“At what hour do you propose to embark?”

“About eleven or a little earlier. You will have a light over the stern; hail the boat when you see it coming, and I shall answer, ‘King’s messenger, with despatches;’ that will be a blind to your crew—they supposed me a king’s messenger before.

“Yes, that will be prudent,” replied Vanslyperken, who then took his leave with great apparent cordiality.

“Villain,” muttered Ramsay, as Vanslyperken shut the door, “I know your thoughts.”

We must pass over the remainder of this eventful day. Wilhelmina had procured the dress of a boy, in which disguise she proposed to elope with Ramsay, and all her preparations were made long before the time. Mynheer Krause was also occupied in getting his specie

ready for embarkation, and Ramsay in writing letters. The despatches from the Hague came down about nine o'clock, and Vanslyperken received them on board. About ten, he weighed and made sail, and hove to about a mile outside, with a light shown as agreed. About the time arranged, a large boat appeared pulling up to the cutter. "Boat, a-hoy!" "King's messenger with despatches" was the reply. "All's right," said Vanslyperken, "get a rope there from forward."

The boat darted alongside of the cutter. She pulled ten oars, but, as soon as she was alongside, a number of armed men, sprang from her on the decks, and beat the crew below, while Ramsay, with pistols in his belt, and his sword in his hand, went aft to Vanslyperken.

"What is all this?" exclaimed the terrified lieutenant.

"Nothing sir, but common prudence on my part," replied Ramsay. "I have an account to settle with you."

Vanslyperken perceived that his treachery was discovered, and he fell upon his knees. Ramsay turned away to give orders, and Vanslyperken darted down the hatchway, and gained the lower deck.

“Never mind,” said Ramsay, “he’ll not escape me, come, my lads, hand up the boxes as fast as you can.”

Ramsay then went to the boat, and brought up Wilhelmina, who had remained there, and conducted her down into the cabin. The boxes were also handed down, the boat made fast, and the conspirators remained in possession of the deck. The helm was taken by one of them; sail again made on the cutter, and the boat with a boat-keeper towed astern.

CHAPTER XII.

Which is rather interesting.

Mr. VANSLYPERKEN's retreat was not known to the crew, they thought him still on deck, and he hastened forward to secrete himself, even from his own crew, who were not a little astonished at this unexpected attack which they could not account for. The major part of the arms on board were always kept in Mr. Vanslyperken's cabin, and that was not only in possession of the assailants, but there was a strong guard in the passage outside which led to the lower deck.

"Well, this beats my comprehension entirely," said Bill Spurey.

"Yes," replied Short.

"And mine too," added Obadiah Coble, "being as we are, as you know, at peace with all nations, to be boarded and carried in this way."

“Why, what, and who can they be?”

“I’ve a notion that Vanslyperken’s at the bottom of it,” replied Spurey.

“Yes,” said Short.

“But it’s a bottom that I can’t fathom,” continued Spurey.

“My dipsey line arn’t long enough either,” replied Coble.

“Gott for dam, what it can be!” exclaimed Jansen. “It must be the treason.”

“Mein Gott! yes,” replied Corporal Van Spitter. “It is all treason, and the traitor be Vanslyperken.” But although the corporal had some confused ideas, yet he could not yet arrange them.

“Well I’ve no notion of being boxed up here,” observed Coble, “they can’t be so many as we are, even if they were stowed away in the boat, like pilchards in a cask. Can’t we get at the arms, corporal, and make a rush for it?”

“Mein Gott! de arms are all in the cabin, all but three pair pistols and the bayonets.”

“Well, but we’ve handspikes,” observed Spurey.

“Got for dam, gif me de handspike,” cried Jansen.

“We had better wait till daylight, at all events,” observed Coble, “we shall see our work better.”

“Yes,” replied Short.

“And, in the mean time, get every thing to hand that we can.”

“Yes,” replied Short.

“Well, I can’t understand the manœuvre. It beats my comprehension, what they have done with Vanslyperken.”

“I don’t know, but they’ve kicked the cur out of the cabin.”

“Then they’ve kicked him out too, depend upon it.”

Thus did the crew continue to surmise during the whole night, but, as Bill Spurey said, the manœuvre beat their comprehension.

One thing was agreed upon, that they should

make an attempt to recover the vessel as soon as they could.

In the mean time, Ramsay with Wilhelmina, and the Jesuits, had taken possession of the cabin, and had opened all the despatches which acquainted them with the directions in detail, given for the taking of the conspirators at Portsmouth, and in the cave. Had it not been to save his friends, Ramsay would, at once, have taken the cutter to Cherbourg, and have there landed Wilhelmina and the treasure; but his anxiety for his friends, determined him to run at once for the cave, and send overland to Portsmouth. The wind was fair and the water smooth, and, before morning, the cutter was on her way.

In the mean time, the crew of the cutter had not been idle; the ladders had been taken up and hatches closed. The only chance of success was an attack upon the guard, who was stationed outside of the cabin.

They had six pistols, about two hundred

pounds of ammunition, but with the exception of half-a-dozen bayonets, no other weapons. But they were resolute men, and as soon as they had made their arrangements, which consisted of piling up their hammocks, so as to make a barricade to fire over, they then commenced operations, the first signal of which, was a pistol-shot discharged at the men who were on guard in the passage, and which wounded one of them. Ramsay darted out of the cabin, at the report of the pistol, another and another was discharged, and Ramsay then gave the order to fire in return. This was done, but without injury to the seamen of the cutter, who were protected by the hammocks, and Ramsay having already three of his men wounded, found that the post below was no longer tenable. A consultation took place, and it was determined that the passage on the lower deck and the cabin should be abandoned, as the upper deck it would be easy to retain.

The cabin's skylight was taken off, and the

boxes of gold handed up, while the party outside the cabin door, maintained the conflict with the crew of the Yungfrau. When all the boxes were up, Wilhelmina was lifted on deck, the skylight was shipped on again, and, as soon as the after hatches were ready to put on, Ramsay's men retreated at the ladder, which they drew up after them, and then put on the hatches.

Had not the barricade of hammocks prevented them, the crew of the Yungfrau might have made a rush, and followed the others on deck; but, before they could beat down the barricades, which they did as soon as they perceived their opponents retreat, the ladder was up, and the hatches placed over the hatchways.

The Yungfraus had gained the whole of the lower deck, but they could do no more; and Ramsay perceived that if he could maintain possession of the upper deck, it was as much as he could expect with such determined as-

sailants. This warfare had been continued during the whole morning, and it was twelve o'clock, before the cabin and lower deck, had been abandoned by Ramsay's associates. During the whole day, the skirmishes continued, the crew of the Yungfrau climbing on the table of the cabin, and firing through the skylight, but in so doing, they exposed themselves to the fire of the other party who sat like cats watching for their appearance, and discharging their pieces the moment that a head presented itself. In the mean time, the cutter darted on before a strong favourable breeze, and thus passed the first day. Many attempts were made during the night by the seamen of the cutter to force their way on deck, but they were all prevented by the vigilance of Ramsay ; and the next morning, the Isle of Wight was in sight. Wilhelmina had passed the night on the forecastle, covered up with a sail ; none of his people had had any

thing to eat during the time that they were on board, and Ramsay was most anxious to arrive at his destination.

About noon, the cutter was abreast of the Black Gang Chine: Ramsay had calculated upon retaining possession of the cutter, and taking the whole of the occupants of the cave, over to Cherbourg, but this was now impossible. He had five of his men wounded, and he could not row the boat to the cave without leaving so few men on board, that they would be overpowered, for his ammunition was expended, with the exception of one or two charges, which were retained for an emergency. All that he could do now, was, therefore, to put his treasure in the boat, and with Wilhelmina and his whole party make for the cave, when he could send notice to Portsmouth for the others to join them, and they must be content to await the meditated attack upon the cave, and defend it till they could make their

SNARLEY YOW.

escape to France. The wind being foul for the cutter's return to Portsmouth, would enable him to give notice at Portsmouth, over land, before she could arrive.

There was a great oversight committed when the lower deck was abandoned, the despatches had been left on Mr. Vanslyperken's bed. Had they been taken away or destroyed, there would have been ample time for the whole of his party to have made their escape from England, before duplicates could arrive. As it was, he could do no more than what we have already mentioned.

The boat was hauled up, the boxes of specie put in, the wounded men laid at the bottom of the boat, and having, at the suggestion of one of the men, cut the lower riggings, halyards, &c., of the cutter to retard its progress to Portsmouth, Ramsay and his associates stepped into the boat, and pulled for the cave.

Their departure was soon ascertained by the

crew of the Yungfrau who now forced the skylight, and gained the deck, but not before the boat had entered the cave.

“What’s to be done, now?” said Coble. “Smash my timbers, but they’ve played old Harry with the rigging. We must knot and splice.”

“Yes,” replied Short.

“What the devil have they done with Vanslyperken?” cried Bill Spurey.

“Either shoved him overboard, or taken him with them, I suppose,” cried Coble.

“Well, it’s a nice job altogether,” observed Spurey.

“Mein Gott! yes,” replied the corporal; “we will have a pretty story to tell de admiral.”

“Well, they’ve rid us of him at all events; I only hope they’ll hang him.”

“Mein Gott! yes.”

“He’ll have his desarts,” replied Coble.

“Got for tam! I like to see him swing.”

“Now he’s gone, let’s send his dog after him. Hurrah, my lads! get a rope up on the yard, and let us hang Snarley yow.”

“Mein Gott! I’ll go fetch him,” cried the corporal.

“You will—will you?” roared a voice.

The corporal turned round, so did the others, and there, with his drawn sword, stood Mr. Vanslyperken.

“You d——d mutinous scoundrel,” cried Vanslyperken, “touch my dog, if you dare.”

The corporal put his hand up to the salute, and Vanslyperken shook his head with a diabolical expression of countenance.

“Now where the devil could he come from?” whispered Spurey.

Coble shrugged up his shoulders, and Short gave a long whistle expending more breath than usual.

However, there was no more to be said; and as soon as the rigging was knotted and spliced, sail was made in the cutter; but the wind

being dead in their teeth, they did not arrive until late the next evening, and the admiral did not see despatches till the next morning, for the best of all possible reasons, that Vanslyperken did not take them on shore. He had a long story to tell, and he thought it prudent not to disturb the admiral after dinner, as great men are apt to be very choleric during the progress of digestion.

The consequence was, that when, the next morning, Mr. Vanslyperken called upon the admiral, the intelligence had been received from the cave, and all the parties had absconded. Mr. Vanslyperken told his own tale, how he had been hailed by a boat purporting to have a messenger on board, how they had boarded him and beat down himself and his crew, how he and his crew had fought under hatches and beat them on deck, and how they had been forced to abandon the cutter. All this was very plausible, and then Vanslyperken gave the despatches opened by Ramsay.

The admiral read them in haste, gave immediate orders for surrounding and breaking into the house of the Jew Lazarus, in which the military found nobody but an old tom-cat, and then desired Mr. Vanslyperken to hold the cutter in readiness to embark troops and sail that afternoon; but troops do not move so fast as people think, and before one hundred men had been told off by the sergeant with their accoutrements, knapsacks, and sixty pounds of ammunition, it was too late to embark them that night, so they waited until the next morning. Moreover, Mr. Vanslykerken had orders to draw from the dock-yard three large boats for the debarkation of the said troops; but the boats were not quite ready, one required a new gunnel, another three planks in the bottom, and the third having her stern out, it required all the carpenters in the yard to finish it by the next morning. Mr. Vanslyperken's orders were to proceed to the cave, and land the troops, to march up to the cave,

and to cover the advance of the troops, rendering them all the assistance in his power in co-operating with the major commanding the detachment; but where the cave was, no one knew, except that it was thereabouts.

The next morning, at eight o'clock, the detachment, consisting of one hundred men, were embarked on board of the cutter, but the major commandant finding that the decks were excessively crowded, and that he could hardly breathe, ordered section first, section second, and section third, of twenty-five men each, to go into the boats and be towed. After which there was more room, and the cutter stood out for St. Helen's.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which there is a great deal of correspondence, and the widow is called up very early in the morning.

WE must now return to Mynheer Krause, who, after he had delivered over his gold, locked up his counting-house and went up to the saloon, determining to meet his fate with all the dignity of a Roman senator. He sent for his daughter, who sent word back that she was packing up her wardrobe, and this answer appeared but reasonable to the syndic, who, therefore, continued in his chair, reflecting upon his approaching incarceration, conning speeches, and anticipating a glorious acquittal, until the bell of the cathedral chimed the half hour after

ten. He then sent another message to his daughter, and the reply was that she was not in the room, upon which he despatched old Koop to Ramsay, requesting his attendance. The reply to this second message was a letter presented to the syndic, who broke the seal and read as follows :

“ My dear and honoured Sir,

“ I have sought a proper asylum for your daughter during the impending troubles, and could not find one which pleased, and in consequence I have taken the bold step, aware that I might not have received your sanction if applied for, of taking her on board the cutter with me ; she will there be safe, and as her character might be, to a certain degree, impeached by being in company with a man of my age, I intend, as soon as we arrive in port, to unite myself to her, for which act, I trust, you will grant me your pardon. As for yourself, be under no apprehension, I have saved you.

Treat the accusation with scorn, and if you are admitted into the presence of his majesty, accuse him of the ingratitude which he has been guilty of; I trust that we shall soon meet again, that I may return to you the securities and specie of which I have charge, as well as your daughter, who is anxious once more to receive your blessing.

“Yours ever, till death,

“EDWARD RAMSAY.”

Mynheer Krause read this letter over and over again, it was very mystifying. Much depends in this world upon the humour people are in at the time; Mynheer Krause was, at that time, full of Cato-like devotion and Roman virtue, and he took the contents of the letter in true Catonic style.

“Excellent young man—to preserve my honour he has taken her away with him! and, to preserve her reputation he intends to marry her! Now, I can go to prison without a sigh.

He tells me that he has saved me—saved me! —why, he has saved every thing; me, my daughter, and my property! Well, they shall see how I behave! They shall witness the calmness of a stoic; I shall express no emotion or surprise at the arrest, as they will naturally expect, because I know it is to take place—no fear—no agitation when in prison, because I know that I am to be saved. I shall desire them to bear in mind that I am the syndic of this town, and must receive that respect which is due to my exalted situation,” and Mynheer Van Krause lifted his pipe and ordered Koop to bring him a stone jug of beer, and thus doubly-armed like Cato, he awaited the arrival of the officer with all the stoicism of beer and tobacco.

About the same hour of night that the letter was put into the hands of Mynheer Krause, a packet was brought up to Lord Albemarle, who was playing a game of put with his Grace the Duke of Portland; at that time put was a

most fashionable game; but games are like garments, as they become old they are cast off, and handed down to the servants. The outside of the despatch was marked "To Lord Albemarle's own hands. Immediate and most important." It appeared, however, as if the two noble lords considered the game of put as more important and immediate, for they finished it without looking at the packet in question, and it was midnight before they threw up the cards. After which, Lord Albemarle went to a side table, apart from the rest of the company, and broke the seals. It was a letter with enclosures, and ran as follows:

"My Lord Albemarle,

"Although your political enemy, I do justice to your merits, and to prove my opinion of you, address to you this letter, the object of which is to save your government from the disgrace of injuring a worthy man, and a stanch supporter, to expose the villany of a

coward and a scoundrel. When I state that my name is Ramsay, you may at once be satisfied that, before this comes to your hands, I am out of your reach. I came here in the king's cutter, commanded by Mr. Vanslyperken, with letters of recommendation to Mynheer Krause, which represented me as a stanch adherent of William of Orange and a Protestant, and, with that impression, I was well received, and took up my abode in his house. My object you may imagine, but fortune favoured me still more, in having in my power Lieutenant Vanslyperken. I opened the government despatches in his presence, and supplied him with false seals to enable him to do the same, and give me the extracts which were of importance, for which I hardly need say he was most liberally rewarded; this has been carried on for some time, but it appears, that in showing him how to obtain your secrets, I also showed him how to possess himself of ours, and the conse-

quence has been that he has turned double traitor, and I have now narrowly escaped.

“The information possessed by Mynheer Krause was given by me, to win his favour for one simple reason, that I fell in love with his daughter, who has now quitted the country with me. He never was undeceived as to my real position, nor is he even now. Let me do an honest man justice. I enclose you the extracts from your duplicates made by Mr. Vanslyperken, written in his own hand, which I trust will satisfy you as to his perfidy, and induce you to believe in the innocence of the worthy syndic from the assurance of a man, who, although a Catholic, a Jacobite, and if you please an attainted traitor, is incapable of telling you a falsehood. I am, my lord, with every respect for your noble character.

“Yours most obediently,

“EDWARD RAMSAY.”

“This is corroborative of my suspicions,”

said Lord Albemarle, putting down the papers before the Duke of Portland.

The duke read the letter and examined the enclosures.

“Shall we see the king to night?”

“No, he is retired, and it is of no use, they are in prison by this time; we will wait the report to-morrow morning—ascertain how many have been secured—and then lay these documents before his majesty.”

Leaving the two noble lords to go to bed, we shall now return to Amsterdam at twelve o'clock at night precisely; as the bell tolled, a loud knock was heard at the syndic's house. Koop, who had been ordered by his master to remain up immediately opened the door, and a posse comitatus of civil power filled the yard.

“Where is Mynheer Krause,” inquired the chief in authority.

“Mynheer, the syndic, is up stairs in the saloon.”

Without sending up his name, the officer

went up, followed by three or four others, and found Mynheer Krause smoking his pipe.

“Ah, my very particular friend, Mynheer Engelback, what bring you here at this late hour with all your people? Is there a fire in the town?”

“No, Mynheer Syndic. It is an order I am very sorry to say to arrest you, and conduct you to prison.”

“Arrest and conduct me to prison—me the syndic of the town—that is strange—will you allow me to see your warrant—yes, it is all true and countersigned by his majesty; I have no more to say, Mynheer Engelback. As syndic of this town, and administrator of the laws, it is my duty to set the example of obedience to them, at the same time protesting my entire innocence. Koop, get me my mantle. Mynheer Engelback, I claim to be treated with the respect due to me, as syndic of this town.”

The officers were not a little staggered at the coolness and sang froid of Mynheer Krause,

he had never appeared to so much advantage ; they bowed respectfully as he finished his speech.

“ I believe, Mynheer Krause, that you have some friends staying with you ? ”

“ I have no friend in the house except my very particular friend, Mynheer Engelback, ” replied the syndic.

“ You must excuse us, but we must search the house. ”

“ You have his majesty’s warrant so to do, and no excuse is necessary. ”

After a diligent search of half an hour, nobody was found in the house, and the officers began to suspect that the government had been imposed upon. Mynheer Krause, with every mark of attention and respect, was then walked off to the Hotel de Ville, where he remained in custody, for it was not considered right by the authorities, that the syndic should be thrown into the common prison upon suspicion only.

When he arrived there, Mynheer Krause sur-

prised them all by the philosophy with which he smoked his pipe.

But, although there was nobody to be found, except the syndic in the syndic's house, and not a soul at the house inhabited by the Jesuit, there was one more person included in the warrant, which was the widow Vandersloosh; for Lord Albemarle, although convinced in his own mind of her innocence, could not take upon himself to interfere with the decisions of the council; so, about one o'clock, there was a loud knocking at the widow's door, which was repeated again and again before it awoke the widow, who was fatigued with her long and hot journey to the Hague. As for Babette, she made a rule never to wake at any thing, but the magical No. 6, sounded by the church clock by her mistress's voice.

"Babette," cried the widow Vandersloosh, "Babette."

"Yes, ma'am."

"There's a knock at the door, Babette."

“Only some drunken sailors, ma’am—they go away when they find they cannot get in.”

Here the peals were redoubled.

“Babette, get up Babette”—and threaten them with the watch.”

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Babette, with a terrible yawn.

Knocking and thumping with strokes louder than before.

“Babette, Babette !”

“I must put something on, ma’am,” replied Babette, rather crossly.

“Speak to them out of the window, Babette.”

Here poor Babette came down to the first floor, and opening the window at the landing place on the stairs, put her head out and cried,

“If you don’t go away you drunken fellows, my mistress will send for the watch.”

“If you don’t come down and open the door, we shall break it open,” replied the officer sent to the duty.

“Tell them its no inn, Babette, we won’t let people in after hours,” cried the widow, turning in her bed and anxious to resume her sound sleep.

Babette gave the message and shut down the window.

“Break open the door,” cried the officer to his attendants. In a minute or two the door was burst open, and the party ascended the staircase.

“Mercy on me ! Babette, if they arn’t come in,” cried the widow, who jumped out of her bed and nearly shutting her door, which had been left open for ventilation, she peeped out to see who were the bold intruders ; she perceived a man in black with a white staff.

“What do you want ?” screamed the widow, terrified.

“We want Mistress Vandersloosh. Are you that person ?” said the officer.

“To be sure I am. But what do you want here ?”

“I must request you to dress and come

along with me directly to the Stadt-house," replied the officer, very civilly.

"Gott in himmel! what's the matter?"

"It's on a charge of treasonable practices, madam."

"Oh, ho! I see: Mr. Vanslyperken. Very well, good sir; I'll put on my clothes directly. I'll get up any hour in the night, with pleasure, to bring that villain——. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see. Babette, take the gentlemen down in the parlour, and give them some bottled beer. You'll find it very good, sirs; it's of my own brewing. And Babette, you must come up and help me."

The officer did not think it necessary to undeceive the widow, who imagined that she was to give evidence against Vanslyperken, not that she was a prisoner herself. Still, the widow Vandersloosh did not like being called up at such an unseasonable hour, and thus expressed herself to Babette as she was dressing herself.

"Well, we shall see the ending of this, Babette.—My under petticoat is on the chair.—"

I told the lords the whole truth, every word of it; and I am convinced that they believed me, too.—Don't pull tight all at once, Babette; how often do I tell you that. I do believe you missed a hole.—The cunning villain goes there and says that I—yes, Babette—that I was a traitor myself; and I said to the lords, ‘Do I look like a traitor?’—My petticoats, Babette; how stupid you are, why, your eyes are half shut now; you know I always wear the blue first, then the green, and the red last, and yet you will give me the first which comes.—He's a handsome lord, that Duke of Portland; he was one of the *bon* —— before King William went over and conquered England, and he was made a lord for his valour.—My ruff, Babette.—The Dutch are a brave nation.—My bustle now.—How much beer did you give the officers. Mind you take care of every thing while I am gone. I shall be home by nine, I dare say. I suppose they are going to try him now, that he may be hanged at sunrise. I knew how it would be. Yes, yes, Mr. Van

slyperken, every dog has his day; and there's an end of you, and of your cur also, I've a notion."

The widow being now duly equipped, walked down stairs to them, and proceeded with the officers to the Stadt-house. She was brought into the presence of Mynheer Engelback, who held the office of provost.

"Here is the widow Vandersloosh, mynheer."

"Very well," replied Engelback, who was in a very bad humour at the unsuccessful search after the conspirators, "away with her."

"Away! where?" exclaimed the widow.

Engelback did not condescend to make a reply. The officers were mute; but one stout man on either side seized her arm and led her away, notwithstanding expostulation, and some resistance on her part.

"Where am I going? what is all this?" exclaimed the widow, terrified; but there was no answer.

At last they came to a door, held open al-

ready by another man with a bunch of keys. The terrified woman perceived that it was a paved stone cell, with a brick arch over it; in short, a dungeon. The truth flashed upon her, for the first time. It was she who had been arrested for treason. But before she could shriek she was shoved in, and the door closed and locked upon her; and the widow sank down into a sitting posture on the ground, overcome with astonishment and indignation. "Was it possible? Had the villain prevailed?" was the question, which she asked herself over and over again, changing alternately from sorrow to indignation: at one time wringing her hands, and at others exclaiming, "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see."

CHAPTER XIV.

In which is related much appertaining to the "pomp and glorious circumstance" of war.

THE arrival of Ramsay and his party was so unexpected, that, at first, Lady Barclay imagined they had been betrayed, and that the boat was filled with armed men from the king's cutter, who had come on shore with a view of forcing an entrance into the cave. In a minute every preparation was made for defence; for it had long been arranged, that, in case of an unexpected attack, the women should make all the resistance in their power, and which the nature of the place enabled them to do.

But, as many observed, the party, although coming from the cutter, and not badly armed,

did not appear to advance in a hostile manner. After waiting some time near the boat, they advanced, each with a box on his shoulder; but what those boxes might be was a puzzle; they might be hand-grenades for throwing into the cave. However, they were soon down to the rock at which the ladder was let down, and then Smallbones stood up with a musket in his hands, with his straddling legs and short petticoat, and bawled out, "Who comes there?"

Ramsay, who was assisting Wilhelmina, looked up surprised at this singular addition to the occupants of the cave. And Wilhelmina also looked at him, and said, "Can that be a woman, Ramsay?"

"At all events, I've not the honour of her acquaintance. But she is pointing her musket.—We are friends," cried Ramsay. "Tell Mistress Alice it is Ramsay."

Smallbones turned round and reported the answer; and then, in obedience to his orders from Mistress Alice, he cried out, in imitation

of the sentinels, "Pass, Ramsay, and all's well!"—presented his arms, and made a flying leap off the rock where he stood, down on the platform, that he might lower the ladder as soon as Ramsay was up, who desired every body might be sent down to secure the boxes of specie as fast as they could, lest the cutter's people, releasing themselves, should attempt an attack. Now, there was no more concealment necessary, and the women as well as the men went down the precipitous path and brought up the treasure, while Ramsay introduced Wilhelmina to Lady Barclay, and, in a brief, but clear narrative, told her all that had passed, and what they had now to expect. There was not a moment for delay; the cutter's people might send the despatches over land if they thought of it, and be there as soon, if not sooner than themselves. Nancy Corbett was summoned immediately, and her instructions given. The whole of the confederates at Portsmouth were to come over to the cave with what

they could collect and carry about their persons; and, in case of the cutter sending overland, with the precaution of being in disguise. Of arms and ammunition there was sufficient in the cave, which Ramsay now felt was to be defended to the last, until they could make a retreat over to the other side of the channel. In half an hour, Nancy was gone, and that very night had arrived at Portsmouth, and given notice to the whole of the confederates. Upon consultation, it was considered that the best disguise would be that of females; and, in consequence, they were all so attired, and before morning had all passed over, two or three in a boat, and landed at Ryde, where they were collected by Moggy Salisbury, who alone, of the party, knew the way to the retreat. They walked across the island by two and three, one party just keeping sight of the next ahead of them, and arrived without suspicion or interruption, conducted by Moggy Salisbury, Lazarus the Jew, and sixteen stout and desperate

men, who had remained secreted in the Jew's house, ready to obey any order, however desperate the risk might be, of their employers.

When they were all assembled at the brow of the precipice, with the exception of Lazarus, who looked like a little old woman, a more gigantic race of females was never seen; for, determined upon a desperate resistance if discovered, they had their buff jerkins under their female garments. They were soon in the cave, and very busy, under Ramsay's directions, preparing against the expected attack. Sir Robert Barclay, with his boat, had been over two days before, and it was not known when he would return. That his presence was most anxiously looked for may be readily conceived, as his boat's crew would double their force if obliged to remain there; and his boat would enable them, with the one brought by Ramsay, to make their escape without leaving one behind, before the attack could be made.

Nancy Corbett, as the reader may have ob-

served, did not return to the cave with the conspirators. As she was not suspected, she determined to remain at Portsmouth till the last, and watch the motions of the authorities.

The cutter did not arrive till the evening of the second day, and the despatches were not delivered to the admiral till the third morning, when all was bustle and preparation. Nancy Corbet was every where, she found out what troops were ordered to embark on the expedition, and she was acquainted with some of the officers, as well as the sergeants and corporals; an idea struck her which she thought she could turn to advantage. She slipped into the barrack yard, and to where the men were being selected, and was soon close to a sergeant whom she was acquainted with.

“So, you’ve an expedition on hand, Sergeant Tanner.”

“Yes, Mistress Corbett, and I’m one of the party.”

“I wish you joy,” replied Nancy, sarcastically.

“Oh, it’s nothing, Mistress Corbett, nothing at all, only some smugglers in a cave; we’ll soon rout them out.”

“I’ve heard a different account from the admiral’s clerk.”

“Why, what have you heard?”

“First, tell me how many men are ordered out.”

“A hundred rank and file—eight non-commissioned officers—two lieutenants—one captain—and one major.”

“Bravo, sergeant, you’ll carry all before you.”

“Why, I hope so, Mistress Corbett, especially as we are to have the assistance of the cutter’s crew.”

“Better and better still,” replied Nancy, ironically. “I wish you joy of your laurels, sergeant, ha, ha, ha.”

“Why do you laugh, Mistress Corbett, and

what is that you have heard at the admiral's office?"

"What you may hear yourself, and what I know to be true; there is not a single smuggler in the cave."

"No!" exclaimed the sergeant. "What, nobody there?"

"Yes, there is somebody there, the cave has been chosen by the smugglers to land their goods in."

"But some of them must be there in charge of the goods."

"Yes, so there are, but they are all women, the smuggler's wives, who live there; what an expedition! Let me see:—one gallant major, one gallant captain, two gallant lieutenants, eight gallant non-commissioned officers, and a hundred gallant soldiers of the Buffs, all going to attack, and rout, and defeat a score of old women."

"But you're joking, Mistress Nancy."

“ Upon my life I’m not, sergeant, you’ll find it true; the admiral’s ashamed of the whole affair, and the cutter’s crew swear they won’t fire a single shot.”

“ By the god of war!” exclaimed the sergeant, “ but this is cursed bad news you bring, Mistress Corbett.”

“ Not at all; your regiment will become quite the fancy, you’ll go by the name of the lady-killers, ha, ha, ha. I wish you joy, sergeant, ha, ha, ha.”

Nancy Corbett knew well the power of ridicule, she left the sergeant, and was accosted by one of the lieutenants; she rallied him in the same way.

“ But are you really in earnest, Nancy?” said Lieutenant Dillon, at last.

“ Upon my soul I am; but, at the same time I hear, that they will fight hard, for they are well armed and desperate, like their husbands, and they swear that they’ll all die to a woman, before they yield; so now we shall see who

fight best, the women or the men. I'll back my own sex for a gold Jacobus, lieutenant: will you take the bet?"

"Good God, how very annoying! I can't, I won't order the men to fire at women; I could not do so if they were devils incarnate; a woman is a woman still."

"And never the worse for being brave, Lieutenant Dillon; as I said to Sergeant Tanner, your regiment, after this, will always go by the name of the lady-killers."

"D—n!" exclaimed the lieutenant; "but now I recollect there must be more there; those who had possession of the cutter and who landed in her boat."

"Yes, with forty boxes of gold they say; but do you think they would be such fools as to remain there and allow you to take their money—that boat started for France yesterday night with all the treasure, and are now safe at Cherbourg. I know it for a fact, for one of the men's wives who lives here, showed me a letter

to that effect, from her husband, in which he requests her to follow him. But I must go now, good by, Mr. Lady-killer."

The lieutenant repeated what Nancy had told him to the officers, and the major was so much annoyed, that he went up to the admiral and stated what the report was, and that there were only women to contend with.

"It is mentioned in the despatches, I believe," observed the admiral, "that there are only women supposed to be in the cave; but the smugglers who were on board the cutter—"

"Have left with their specie yesternight, admiral; so that we shall gain neither honour nor profit."

"At all events, you will have the merit of obeying your orders, Major Lincoln."

The major made no reply, but went away very much dissatisfied. In the mean time, the sergeant had communicated with his non-commissioned officers and the privates ordered on the duty, and the discontent was universal.

Most of the men swore that they would not pull a trigger against women, if they were shot for it, and the disaffection almost amounted to mutiny. Nancy, in the mean time, had not been idle, she had found means to speak with the boats' crews of the Yungfrau, stated the departure of the smugglers with their gold, and the fact that they were to fight with nothing but women, that the soldiers had vowed that they would not fire a shot, and that Moggy Salisbury, who was with them, swore that she would hoist up her smock as a flag, and fight to the last. This was soon known on board of the Yungfrau, and gave great disgust to every one of the crew, who declared to a man, that they would not act against petticoats, much less fire a shot at Moggy Salisbury.

What a mountain of mischief can be heaped up by the insidious tongue of one woman !

After this explanation, it may be supposed that the zeal of the party despatched was not very great. The fact is, they were all sulky,

from the major downwards, among the military, and from Vanslyperken downwards, among the naval portion of the detachment. Nancy Corbett, satisfied with having effected her object, had crossed over the night before, and joined her companions in the cave, and what was extremely fortunate, on the same night Sir Robert Barclay came over in the lugger, and finding how matters stood, immediately hoisted both the boats up on the rocks, and taking up all the men, prepared with his followers, for a vigorous resistance, naturally to be expected from those whose lives depended upon the issue of the conflict.

Next morning the cutter was seen coming down with the boats in tow, hardly stemming the flood, from the lightness of the breeze, when Nancy Corbett requested to speak with Sir Robert Barclay. She stated to him what she had done, and the dissatisfaction among the troops and seamen in consequence, and submitted to him the propriety of all the smugglers

being dressed as women, as it would operate more in their favour than if they had fifty more men to defend the cave. Sir Robert perceived the good sense of this suggestion, and consulted with Ramsay, who strongly urged the suggestion being acted upon. The men were summoned, and the affair explained to them, and the consequence was, that there was a scene of mirth and laughter, which ended with every man being fitted with woman's attire. The only one who remained in the dress of a man was a woman, Wilhelmina Krause, but she was to remain in the cave with the other women, and take no part in the coming fray.

CHAPTER XV.

In which the officers, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file, are all sent to the right about.

ABOUT noon, the Yungfrau hove to off the cave, and the troops were told off into the boats.

About half-past twelve, the troops were in the boats all ready.

About one, Mr. Vanslyperken had hoisted out his own boats, and they were manned. Mr. Vanslyperken, with his pistols in his belt, and his sword drawn, told Major Lincoln that he was all ready. Major Lincoln, with his spy-glass in his hand, stepped into the boat with Mr. Vanslyperken, and the whole detachment pulled for the shore, and landed in the

small cove, where they found the smugglers' boats hoisted up on the rocks, at which the men appeared to be rejoiced, as they took it for granted that they would find some men to fight with instead of women. The major headed his men, and they commenced a scramble up the rocks and arrived at the foot of the high rock which formed the platform above at the mouth of the cave, when the major cried "Halt!"—a very judicious order, considering that it was impossible to go any farther. The soldiers looked about every where, but could find no cave, and after an hour's strict search, Major Lincoln and his officers, glad to be rid of the affair, held a consultation, and it was agreed that the troops should be re-embarked. The men were marched down again very hot from their exertions, and thus the expedition would have ended without bloodshed, had it not been for the incautious behaviour of a woman. That woman was Moggy Salisbury, who, having observed that the troops

were re-embarking, took the opportunity, while Sir Robert and all the men were keeping close, to hoist up a certain under-garment to a pole, as if in derision, thus betraying the locality of the cave, and running the risk of sacrificing the whole party in it. This, as it was going up, caught the eye of one of the seamen in the boat, who cried out, "There goes the ensign up to the peak at last."

"Where?" exclaimed the major, pulling out his telescope, "Yes, by heavens! there it is—and there then must be the cave."

Neither Sir Robert or any of the conspirators were aware of this manœuvre of Moggy's; for Smallbones, perceiving what she had done, hauled it down again in a minute afterwards. But it had been hoisted, and the major considered it his duty to return, so once more the troop ascended the precipitous path.

Moggy then went into the cave. "They have found us out, sir," said she, "they point

to us, and are coming up again. I will stand as sentry. The men won't fire at me, and if they do I don't care."

Sir Robert and Ramsay were in close consultation. It appeared to them that by a bold manœuvre they would be able to get out of their scrape. The wind had gone down altogether, the sea was as smooth as glass, and there was every appearance of a continued calm.

"If we could manage it—and I think we may—then the sooner the affair is brought to an issue the better."

Moggy had now taken a musket on her shoulder, and was pacing up and down the edge of the flat in imitation of a sentry. She was soon pointed out, and a titter ran through the whole line: at last, as the major approached, she called out,

"I say, soger, what are you doing here? keep off, or I'll put a bullet in your jacket."

“My good woman,” replied the major, while his men laughed, “we do not want to hurt you, but you must surrender.”

“Surrender!” cried Moggy, “who talks of surrender?—hoist the colours there.”

Up went the chemise to the end of the pole, and Smallbones grinned as he hoisted it.

“My good woman, we must obey our orders.”

“And I must obey mine,” retorted Moggy. “Turn out the guard there.”

All the women now made their appearance, as had been arranged, with muskets on their shoulders, headed by little Lilly, with her drawn sword.

The sight of the child commanding the detachment was hailed with loud cheers and laughter.

“That will do, that will do,” cried Sir Robert, fearful for Lilly, “let them come in again.”

“They’ll not fire first at all events,” cried

Moggy, "never fear, sir. Guard, turn in," continued she; upon which, Lilly and her squadron then disappeared.

"Upon my honour this is too ridiculous," said Lieutenant Dillon.

"Upon my soul I don't know what is to be done," rejoined the major.

"Moggy, we must commence hostilities somehow or another," cried Sir Robert from within. Smallbones here came out with his musket to release Moggy, and Moggy retired into the cave.

The major, who imagined that there must be a path to the cave on the other side, now advanced with the determination of finding it out, and somehow or another putting an end to this unusual warfare.

"If you please you'll keep back, or I'll fire," cried Smallbones, levelling his musket.

The major went on, heedless of the threat. Smallbones discharged his piece, and the major fell.

“Confound that she-devil!—Are you hurt, major?” cried Lieutenant Dillon.

“Yes, I am—I can’t move.”

Another shot was now fired, and the sergeant fell.

“Hell and flames! what must we do?”

But now the whole party of smugglers poured out of the cave as women with bonnets on, and commenced a murderous fire upon the troops who fell in all directions. The captain who had assumed the command, now attempted to find his way to the other side of the cave, where he had no doubt he should find the entrance, but in so doing the soldiers were exposed to a most galling fire, without being able to return it.

At first, the troops refused to fire again, for that they had to deal with the smugglers’ wives, they made certain of: even in the thickest of the smoke there was nothing masculine to be seen; and those troops who were at a greater distance, and who could return the fire, did not. They were rather amused at the character of

the women, and not being aware that their comrades were falling so fast, remained inactive. But there is a limit to even gallantry, and as the wounded men were carried past them, their indignation was roused, and, at last, the fire was as warmly returned, but before that took place, one half of the detachment were *hors de combat*.

All the assistance which they might have received from the covering party of sailors on the beach, was neutralized; they did not know how much the soldiers had suffered, and although they fired in pursuance of orders, they would not take any aim.

For some time, the soldiers were forced on to the eastern side of the rock, which, as the reader may recollect, was much more precipitous than the western side, where it was descended from by the ladder. Here they were at the mercy of the conspirators, who, concealed below the masses of the rock on the platform, took unerring aim. The captain had fallen, Lieutenant Dillon was badly wounded and led back to the boats, and

the command had devolved upon a young man who had but just joined the regiment, and who was ignorant of any thing like military tactics, even if they could have been brought into play upon the service.

“Do you call this fighting with women, Sergeant Tanner?” said one of the men. “I’ve seen service, but such a murderous fire I was never in. Why, we’ve lost two-thirds of our men.”

“And shall lose them all before we find out the mouth of this cursed cave. The regiment has lost its character for ever, and I don’t care how soon a bullet settles my business.”

Ramsay now detached a party of the men to fire at the covering party of seamen who were standing by the boats in the cove and who were unprotected, while his men were concealed behind the masses of rocks. Many fell, wounded or killed; and Vanslyperken, after shifting about from one position to another, ordered the wounded men to be put into his boat, and with

two hands he pulled off as he said to procure more ammunition, leaving the remainder of his detachment on shore, to do as well as they could.

“ I thought as how this work would be too warm for him,” observed Bill Spurey.

“ Yes,” replied Short, who, at the moment received a bullet in his thigh, and fell down among the rocks.

The fire upon the seamen continued to be effective. Move from their post they did not, but one after another they sank wounded on the ground. The soldiers who were now without any one to command them, for those who had forced their way to the western side of the rock, finding that advance or retreat was alike impossible, crawled under the sides of the precipice to retreat from a murderous fire which they could not return. The others were scattered here and there, protecting themselves as well as they could below the masses of stone, and returning the fire of the conspirators surely

and desperately. But of the hundred men sent on the expedition, there were not twenty who were not killed or wounded, and nearly the whole detachment of seamen had fallen where they stood.

It was then four o'clock, the few men who remained unhurt, were suffering from the extreme heat and exertion, and devoured with thirst. The wounded cried for water. The sea was still, calm, and smooth as a mirror; not a breath of wind blew to cool the fevered brows of the wounded men, and the cutter, with her sails hanging listless, floated about on the glassy water, about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

“Now is our time, Sir Robert.”

“Yes, Ramsay—now for one bold dash—off with this woman’s gear, my men—buckle on your swords and put pistols in your belts.”

In a very short time this order was complied with, and, notwithstanding some of the men were wounded in this day’s affair, as well as in the

struggle for the deck of the cutter, the three bands from Amsterdam, Portsmouth, and Cherbourg mustered forty resolute and powerful men.

The ladder was lowered down, and they descended. Sir Robert ordered Jemmy Ducks and Smallbones to remain and haul up the ladder again, and the whole body hastened down to the cove, headed by Sir Robert and Ramsay, seized the boats, and shoved off for the cutter.

CHAPTER XVI.

In which the Jacobite cause is triumphant by sea as well as by land.

THE great difficulty which Sir Robert Barclay had to surmount, was to find the means of transport over the channel for their numerous friends, male and female, then collected in the cave: now that their retreat was known, it was certain that some effective measures would be taken by government, by which, if not otherwise reduced, they would be surrounded and starved into submission.

The two boats which they had were not sufficient for the transport of so numerous a body, consisting now of nearly one hundred and fifty individuals, and their means of subsistence were limited to a few days.

SNARLEY YOW.

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arrival of the cutter with the detach-
 was no source of regret to Sir Robert,
 by the defeat of the troops, to
 their boats, and thus make his escape;
 the cutter had been difficult, if not impos-
 sible, even if she did not have pre-
 vented their escape, but when Sir Robert observed that
 the boats; but when Sir Robert observed that
 it had fallen calm, it at once struck him, that
 if, after defeating the troops, they could board
 and carry over: then they could embark the whole
 of their people, and run her over to Cher-
 bourg.

This was the plan proposed by Sir Robert,
 and agreed to by Ramsay, and to accomplish
 this, now that the troops were put to the rout,
 they had made a rush for, and obtained the
 boats. As for the women left in the cave, they
 were perfectly secure for the time, as, without
 scaling-ladders, there was no possibility of the

remaining troops, even if they were rallied, being able to effect any thing.

That part of the crew of the Yungfrau who had perceived them rush down to the beach, reported it to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had gone down to his cabin, not choosing to take any further part in the affray, or to risk his valuable life. Vanslyperken came on deck, where he witnessed the manning of the boats, and their pushing out of the cove.

“They are coming to attack us, sir,” said Coble, who had been left in charge of the cutter when Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore.

Mr. Vanslyperken turned pale as a sheet; his eyes were fixed upon the form of Ramsay, standing up on the stern sheets of the first boat, with his sabre raised in the air—he immediately recognised him, panted for breath, and could make no reply.

The crew of the cutter, weakened as they were by the loss of most of their best men,

flew to their arms; Coble, Cornelius, and Jansen, and Corporal Van Spitter were to be seen in the advance, encouraging them.

“Gott for dam—let us have one slap for it,” cried Jansen.

“Mein Gott, yes,” shouted the corporal.

Vanslyperken started up, “It’s no use my men—it’s madness—useless sacrifice of life; they are two to one—we must surrender. Go down below, all of you—do you hear, obey my orders?”

“Yes, and report them, too, to the admiral,” replied Coble; “I never heard such an order given in my born days, and fifty odd years I have served in the king’s fleet.”

“Corporal Van Spitter, I order you below—all of you below,” cried Vanslyperken; “I command here—will you obey, sir?”

“Mein Gott, yes,” replied the corporal, walking away, and coolly descending the ladder.

The boats were now within ten yards of the

cutter, and the men stood irresolute; the corporal obeying orders had disheartened them: some of them followed the corporal.

“It’s no use,” said Coble, “I sees now it’s of no use; it’s only being cut to pieces for nothing, my men; but I won’t leave the deck.” Coble threw away his cutlass, and walked aft; the other men did the same, all but Jansen, who still hesitated. Coble caught the cutlass out of his hand, and threw it overboard, just as the boats dashed alongside.

“Gott for dam,” muttered Jansen, folding his arms and facing the men who jumped on the cutter’s decks. Ramsay, who was first on board when he perceived that the men were standing on the decks without making any opposition, turned and threw up the points of the swords of some of his men who were rushing blindly on, and, in a minute all was quiet on the decks of the Yungfrau. Mr. Vanslyperken was not to be seen. At the near approach of the boats he had hastened into his cabin and

locked himself in ; his only feeling being, that Ramsay's wrath must cool, and his life be spared.

" My lads," said Sir Robert to the crew of the cutter, " I am very glad that you made no resistance to a force which you could not resist, as I should have been sorry if one of you had lost his life ; but you must now go down below and leave the cutter's deck in our possession. Perhaps it would be better if some of you took one of your boats and went on shore to pick up your messmates who are wounded."

" If you please, sir, we will," said Coble, coming forward, " and the cutter is yours, as far as we are concerned. We will make no attempts to retake her, at all events, for your kindness in thinking of our poor fellows lying there on the beach. I think you will promise that, my lads," continued Coble, turning to the men.

" Yes, we promise that," said the men.

Coble then took the crew with him and pulled

on shore to the cove, on the margin of which they found all their men lying either killed or wounded. Dick Short, Spurey, and nine others were taken on board: those that were quite dead were left upon the sand. Leaving only ten men on board the cutter, which, however, was sufficient to cope with the few of the Yungfrau remaining on board, had they been inclined to forfeit their word, Sir Robert and Ramsay then returned with the rest of the party to the boats, and pulled on shore, for the rest of their assailants were not subdued; about twenty of the soldiers still remained unhurt and were sitting down on the rocks.

Ramsay, as soon as he landed, showed a white handkerchief on a bayonet fixed to the muzzle of a musket.

“Sergeant Tanner,” said one of the men, “there’s a flag of truce.”

“Is there? I’m not sorry for it,—they are two to one even now. I’ll go forward to meet it.”

The sergeant advanced to meet Ramsay.

“We might, if we pleased, oblige you to surrender or cut you to pieces—that you must own; but we have no wish to hurt you—there are too many good men dead already.”

“That’s true,” replied the sergeant, “but it’s one comfort you have turned out at last to be men and not women.”

“We have; but to the terms. You were sent to take possession of the cave,—you shall have possession as soon as we are gone, if you will draw off your party higher up this cliff and allow us to embark without molestation. If you do not immediately accept these terms, we shall certainly attack you, or you may do better if you please—pile your muskets, collect your wounded men, bring them down to the beach all ready to put into the boats, which, as soon as we are safe, we will give you possession of—now is it a truce or not?—you must be immediate.”

“Yes, then, it is a truce, for I see no chance

of better terms. I am commanding officer, and you have the faith of Sergeant Tanner."

The sergeant then returned, and when half way, called to his men :

"Party fall in—pile arms." The soldiers, worn out by the long conflict, and aware that they had no chance against such superior numbers, gladly obeyed, and were now divided in sections of three and four, collecting the wounded and carrying them down to the cove.

Sir Robert and his men hastened to the rock—the ladder was lowered, and all was on the alert for embarkation—Lady Barclay and Lilly flew into his arms, while Wilhelmina hung on Ramsay ; but they allowed but a short time for endearment—time was too precious. The luggage had all been prepared and the chests of specie were lowered, the bundles thrown down, and, in a quarter of an hour, the cave was cleared of all that they could take away with them.

The women then descended, and all hands

were employed carrying away the specie and luggage down to the boats. As soon as one boat was loaded with the boxes of money, Lady Ramsay, Lilly, and Wilhelmina were put in it, and one half of the men went with them on board of the cutter where Coble had already arrived with the wounded seamen. Ramsay remained with the other boat to embark the women and luggage; when all was in, he called the sergeant, pointed out to him the ladder, and told him that he might find something worth his trouble in the cave.

“Is there a drop of any thing to drink, sir? for we who are whole are dying with thirst, and it’s cruel to hear the poor wounded fellows beg for water.”

“You will find both water and spirits in plenty there, sergeant, and you may tell your own story when you arrive at Portsmouth, we shall never contradict you.”

“The list of killed, wounded, and missing, will tell the story fast enough,” replied the ser-

geant ; “ but run up, there, my lads, and get some water for these poor fellows. Good bye, sir, and many thanks.”

“ Good bye to you, Sergeant Tanner,” said one of the women in the boat.

“ Nancy Corbett, by all that’s wonderful !” cried the sergeant.

“ I told you so, sergeant—you’ll never lose the name of lady-killer.”

“ Pretty lady killing,” muttered the sergeant, turning away in a rage. Ramsay took the boats on board, and, as soon as they were cleared they were towed on shore to the cove by some of the Yungfrau’s men.

During this time, the ladies, as well as the women, had remained aft on deck, Vanslyperken having locked himself up in his cabin ; but Sir Robert now ordered his men to force the cabin door, and take Mr. Vanslyperken forward on the lower deck. When the door was opened, Vanslyperken was found in his bed more dead than alive : he was pulled out

and dragged forward. The ladies were then handed below, and, as soon as the specie had been put down, and the luggage cleared from the upper deck, the women were ordered to go down on the lower deck, and Mr. Vanslyperken ordered to be brought up.

CHAPTER XVII.

In which a great deal of loyalty is shown to counterbalance the treason of Vanslyperken.

WE must not, however, forget the syndic and the widow Vandersloosh, whom we left in confinement at Amsterdam. We left Mynheer Krause smoking his pipe, and showing to those about him, how great a great man always proves himself when under adversity. The widow also had she performed in public, would have been acknowledged to have been a great woman. She could not but lament the present, for she was on the floor of a dungeon, so she occasionally wrung her hands; but she looked forward to the future, and to better times, not

abandoning herself to despair, but comforting herself with hope, as might have been clearly proved by her constant repetition of these words: "Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken we shall see."

That the night appeared long to both parties is not to be denied, but the longest night will have its end, so long as the world continues to turn round; the consequence was, that the morning came as usual to the syndic, although the widow from the peculiarity of her situation, had not the same advantage.

After morning, comes breakfast, in the natural order of mundane affairs, and kings, being but men, and subject to the same wants as other mortals, his majesty, King William, sat down, and despatched a very hasty meal, in company with his Grace the Duke of Portland, and the Right Honourable the Lord Albemarle. History does not record, as it sometimes does in works of this description, by what viands his majesty's appetite was stimu-

lated; we must therefore pass it over, and as his majesty did on that occasion, as soon as breakfast was over, proceed to business.

“Have you received information, my Lord Albemarle, how many of the conspirators have been seized?”

“May it please your majesty, I am sorry to inform you, that all who were innocent have been imprisoned, and all who were guilty, have escaped.”

Upon this intelligence his majesty looked very grave.

“How do you mean, my lord?” said he, after a pause.

“The conspirators have all received some friendly notice, and the only two who are in custody, are the syndic, Mynheer Krause, and the woman who keeps the Lust Haus.”

“And you put the syndic down as an innocent person, my lord!”

“If your majesty will be pleased to read this communication,” replied Lord Albemarle, pre-

sending Ramsay's letter and enclosures, "you will then be of my opinion."

King William took the letter and read it. "What Ramsay—he who was attainted with Sir Robert Barclay?"

"The same, your majesty."

"So near us, and escaped—but what credence would you place in him?"

"Every credence, may it please your majesty. I believe him to be incapable of a lie."

"A traitor, like him!"

"A traitor to your majesty, but most true to his Catholic majesty, King James that was. But if I venture to point out to your majesty, he enclosures prove that Lieutenant Vanslyperken's word is not of much value. He, at least, is a double traitor."

"Yes, a little hanging will do him no harm—you are sure this is his writing?"

"There can be no doubt of it, your majesty, I have compared it."

“ You will see to this, my lord : and now to the syndic.”

“ He has, as your majesty will perceive, been grossly deceived, and suspected without reason.”

“ And the woman?—”

“ Was here yesterday, and fully convinced me, that Vanslyperken was a traitor, and that she was innocent. His Grace of Portland was present.”

“ Well, my lord, you may give orders for their release ; of course a little surveillance will be advisable. You will justify the proceedings to the council, this afternoon.”

“ But may I presume to submit to your majesty, that the public affront offered to the syndic, should be repaired.”

“ Certainly — send for him,” replied his majesty, carelessly. “ I will receive him to-morrow morning,” and his majesty left the room.

Lord Albemarle immediately despatched a courier with an order for the release of the syndic and the Frau Vandersloosh, with a note to the former, stating that his majesty would receive him on the following day at noon. But while this act of justice had been preparing at the palace of the Hague, there were other acts, not quite so justifiable performing at the town of Amsterdam.

The sun made its appearance more than an hour, before the troops of the royal Guard. Mobs were collected in knots in the street, and in front of the Hotel de Ville, or Stadt-house, and the object of their meeting, was to canvass the treason and imprisonment of the syndic, Mynheer Van Krause. "Shame—shame,"—"Death to the traitor,"—"Tear him to pieces,"—and "Long life to King William," were the first solitary remarks made—the noise and hubbub increased. The small knots of people gradually joined together, until they formed a large mob, all burning with loyalty, and each

individual, wishing to give a practical evidence of it—again were the cries of “Long live the king!” and “Death to traitors!” to be heard, with loud huzzas. A confused din followed, and the mob appeared, as if simultaneously, to be all impelled in one direction. At last the word was given, which they all waited for. “To his house—to his house—down with it—death to the traitor!” and the royal mob hastened on, each individual eager to be first to prove his royalty, by helping himself to Mynheer Krause’s goods and chattels.

In the low countries, this species of loyalty, always has been, and is now very much the fashion. In ten minutes, the gates were forced open—old Koop knocked down, and trod under foot till he was dead—every article of value that was portable, was secured; chairs, tables, glasses, not portable, were thrown out of the window; Wilhelmina’s harp and piano-forte battered to fragments; beds, bedding, every thing flew about in the air, and then the

fragments of the furniture were set fire to, and in less than an hour, Mynheer Krause's splendid house was burning furiously, while the mob cheered and cried, "Long live King William!"

Before the courier could arrive from the Hague, all that was left of Mr. Krause's property, was the bare walls. Merchandises, every thing was consumed, and part of the building had fallen into the canal and choked it up, while fifteen schuyts waiting to be discharged of their cargoes had been obliged to retreat from the fury of the flames, the phlegmatic skippers looking on with their pipes in their mouths, and their hands in their wide breeches-pockets.

The royal mob having effected their object, gradually retired. It is singular, that popular feeling is always expressed in the same way. Had the mob collected for disloyal purposes, they would have shown their disloyalty just in the like manner, only it would have been

the Stadt-house instead of that of Mynheer Krause.

But now there was a fresh impetus given to the feelings of the mob. The news had been spread like wildfire, that Mynheer the syndic, had been proved innocent, and ordered to be immediately liberated, and was sent for by his majesty; upon which, the mob were undecided, whether they should prove their indignation, at this unjust imprisonment of their worthy magistrate, by setting fire to some public building, or by carrying him in triumph to his own house, which they forgot they had burnt down. Fortunately they decided upon the latter, they surrounded the Stadt-house with cries of "Long life to our worthy syndic—prosperity to Mynheer Krause," and rushing up stairs, they caught him in their arms, and carried him triumphantly through the streets bringing him at last to the smoking ruins of his own house, and there they left

him ; they had done all they could, they had carried him there in triumph, but, as for building the house up again, that was impossible ; so, as Mynheer Krause looked with dismay at the wreck of all his property, the loyal mob dispersed, each feeling that he had been a little too hasty in possessing himself of a small share of it. What a fine thing is loyalty ! Mynheer Krause found himself alone ; he looked with scorn and indignation upon the scene of violence, and then walked away to an hotel, particularly disgusted with the loyal cry of “ Long live King William.”

In the mean time, the door of the dungeon where the widow Vandersloosh was incarcerated was thrown open, and she was informed that she was no longer a prisoner. The widow indignant that she should have been confined for her loyalty, raved and walked majestically out of the Stadt-house, not deigning to answer to the compliments offered to her by some of the

inferior officers. Her bosom swelled with indignation, and she was determined to tell his majesty a bit of her mind, if she should obtain access to him; and the next day she took the trouble to go all the way to the Hague, again to see his majesty, but his majesty wasn't at home, and Lord Albemarle to whom she sent in, was indisposed, and his Grace the Duke of Portland was particularly engaged; so the widow had the journey for nothing, and she declared to Barbette, that she never would put her foot under the palace roof again as long as she lived.

But, although Madam Vandersloosh was not received at court that day, the syndic Mynheer Krause was; when he sent in his name, Lord Albemarle led the syndic by the hand to his majesty.

"We have been too hasty, Mynheer Krause," said his majesty, with a gracious smile.

Mynheer, bowed low.

"I regret to hear that the populace in their

loyalty have burnt down your house, Mr. Krause—they were too hasty.”

Mynheer Krause made another low bow.

“You will continue your office of syndic of the town of Amsterdam.”

“Pardon me your majesty,” replied Mynheer Krause respectfully, but firmly, “I have obeyed your summons to appear in your presence, but will request that your majesty will release me from the burden. I have to come to lay my chain and staff of office at your majesty’s feet, it being my intention to quit the town.”

“You are too hasty, Mynheer Krause,” replied his majesty with displeasure.”

“May it please your majesty,” replied Krause. “He who has been confined as a prisoner in the Stadt-house, is not fit to exercise his duties there as a judge; I have served your majesty many years with the utmost zeal and fidelity. In return, I have been imprisoned and my property destroyed, I must now return

to a station more suitable to my present condition, and once more with every assurance of loyalty, I beg to be permitted to lay my insignia of office at your majesty's feet."

Mynheer Krause suited the action to the word. The king frowned and turned away to the window, and Mynheer Krause perceiving that his majesty's back was turned upon him, walked out of the door.

"Too hasty," thought Mynheer Krause, "I am loyal and thrown into prison, and am expected to be satisfied with the plea of being too hasty. My house is burnt down, and the plundering mob have been too hasty. Well—well—it is fortunate I took Ramsay's advice, my house and what was in it was a trifle; but if all my gold at Hamburg and Frankfort, and in the charge of Ramsay had been there, and I had been made a beggar, all the satisfaction I should have received would have been a smile, and the excuse

of being too hasty, I wonder where my daughter and Ramsay are? I long to join them."

From which mental soliloquy, it will be evident to the reader, that Mynheer Krause's loyalty had been considerably diminished, perhaps thinking that he had paid too dear for the commodity.

Upon his return, Mynheer Krause publicly announced that he had resigned the office of syndic, much to the astonishment of those who heard of it, and much to the delight of his very particular friend Engelback, who, the next morning set off for the Hague, and had an interview with his Grace the Duke of Portland, the result of which was, that upon grounds best known to the parties; for history will not reveal every thing, Mynheer Engelback was recommended to fill the office of syndic of the town of Amsterdam, vacant by the resignation of Mynheer Krause, and that in consequence of this; all those who took off their hats to Mynheer

Krause but two days before, and kept them on when they met Mynheer Engelback, now kept them on when they met Mynheer Krause, and pulled them off very politely to Mynheer Krause's very particular friend, Mynheer Engelback."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Trial and execution of two of the principal personages in our history.

WE left Sir Robert Barclay on the deck of the cutter, the ladies and women sent down below, and Mr. Vanslyperken on the point of being dragged aft by two of Sir Robert's men. The crew of the Yungfrau, at the time, were on the lower deck, some assisting the wounded men, others talking with Jemmy Salisbury and his wife, whom they were astonished to find among the assailants.

"Why, Jemmy, how did you get a berth among those chaps?"

"I'll tell you," said Moggy, interrupting: "when he was last at Portsmouth, they heard him playing his fiddle and singing, and they

took such a fancy to him, that they were determined to have him to amuse them in the cave. So one evening, they *kidnapped* him, took him away by main force, and kept him a prisoner ever since."

"That's carrying the joke rather too far," observed one of the men.

"Mein, Gott! yes," replied the corporal.

"But I am at liberty again now at all events," replied Jemmy, taking the cue from his wife; "and if that chap, Vanslyperken, don't command the cutter any more, which I've a notion he will not, I shall enter as boatswain—heh, Dick."

"Yes," replied Short, who was swinging in his hammock.

"Well—when I found that Jemmy could'nt be found, that my dear darling duck of a husband—my jewel, a box of diamonds (arn't you my Jemmy), didn't I tear my hair, and run about the streets, like a mad woman," continued Moggy. "At last I met with Nancy

Corbett, whose husband is one of the gang, and she told me where he was, fiddle and all, and I persuaded her to let me go to him, and that's why we both are here."

This was a good intention of Moggy's, and as there was nobody who took the trouble to disprove it, it was received as not the least apocryphal. But now Mr. Vanslyperken was dragged past them by two of the conspirators, and all the men of the Yungfrau followed on deck, to see what was to take place.

When Mr. Vanslyperken had been brought aft, his legs tottered, and he could hardly stand. His face was livid, and his lips white with fear, and he knew too well that he had little mercy to expect.

"Now, sir," said Sir Robert, with a stern air, "hear the accusation against you, for although we may be lawless, we will still be just. You voluntarily entered into our service, and received our pay. You were one of us, with only this difference, that we have taken

up the cause from principle and loyalty, and you joined us from mercenary motives. Still we kept our faith with you; for every service performed, you were well and honourably paid. But you received our money and turned against us; revealed our secrets, and gave information to your government, by which, that gentleman (pointing to Ramsay) and many others, had not they fortunately received timely notice, would have perished by the gibbet. Now, sir, I wish to know, what you can bring forward in your defence, what have you to urge that you should not die the death which you so traitorously prepared for others."

"Die!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, "no — no — mercy, sir — mercy. I am not fit to die."

"Few are—but this is certain—that a villain like you is not fit to live."

"On my knees, I ask mercy," cried the frightened wretch, dropping down. "Mr. Ramsay speak for me."

“ I will speak,” replied Ramsay, “ but not for you, I will show you, that even if you were to escape us, you would still be hung ; for all your extracts of the despatches, I have, with full explanation, put into the hands of the English government. Do you expect mercy from them—they have not showed much as yet.”

“ O God—O God !” exclaimed Vanslyperken, throwing himself down on the deck in despair.

“ Now, my lads, you have heard the charges against this man, and also that he has no defence to offer, what is your sentence ?”

“ Death !” exclaimed the conspirators.

“ You men, belonging to the cutter, you have heard that this man has betrayed the present government of England, in whose pay and service he was at the time — what is your opinion ?”

Hereupon, Obadiah Coble hitched up his trousers, and said, “ Why, as a matter of opi-

nion, I agree with you, sir, whomsoever you may be."

"Mein Gott! yes, sir," exclaimed the corporal.

And all the crew cried out together, "Death—death!" which, by-the-by, was very mutinous.

"You perceive that you are doubly condemned as a double traitor," said Sir Robert. "So prepare to die; the religion you profess I know not, but the time you will be allowed to make your peace with your God, is fifteen minutes."

"Oh!" groaned Vanslyperken, with his face to the deck.

"Up there, my lads, and get a whip on the yard arm," said Ramsay.

Some of his party went to obey the order, and they were assisted by the seamen of the Yungfrau. But while they were getting the whip ready on the starboard, Jemmy Ducks was very quietly employed getting another on the

larboard yard-arm, which nobody took notice of.

As soon as the whip, and the cord with the hangman's noose made fast to it, were all ready, it was reported to Sir Robert by Corporal Van Spitter, who stepped up to him with his usual military salute. Sir Robert took off his hat in return. His watch had been held in his hand, from the time that he had passed sentence upon Vanslyperken, who still remained prostrate on the deck.

"It is my duty to inform you, sir, that but five minutes are left of the time awarded to you," said Sir Robert to Vanslyperken.

"Five minutes!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, jumping up from the deck, "but five minutes—to die in five minutes," continued he, looking up with horror at the rope at the yard-arm, and the fatal noose at the end of it, held in the hand of Corporal Van Spitter. "Stop, I have gold—plenty of gold—I can purchase my life."

“Kingdoms would not purchase it,” said Sir Robert, scornfully.

“Oh!” exclaimed Vanslyperken, wringing his hands, “must I leave all my gold.”

“You have but two minutes, sir,” observed Sir Robert. “Let the rope be put round his neck.”

This office was performed by Corporal Van Spitter. The corporal was quite an amateur.

“Mercy, mercy,” cried Vanslyperken again falling on his knees, and holding up his hands.

“Call upon Heaven for mercy, you have but one minute left.”

But here an interruption took place.

A female made her appearance on the other side of the deck, dragging, by a cord, the hero of our novel, Snarley yow, who held back with all his power, jerking his head to the right and to the left, but it was of no use, he was dragged opposite to where Vansly-

perken knelt. As the reader may guess, this person was Smallbones, who had tied on a bonnet, and muffled up his face, so as not to be observed when he first went on board. Jemmy Ducks now assisted, and the whip on the larboard yard-arm was made fast to a cord with a running noose, for the hanging of the cur.

The sight roused Vanslyperken. "My dog!" exclaimed he, "woman, leave that dog alone—who are you that dare touch my dog?"

The female turned round, threw off her bonnet and handkerchief and exhibited to the terrified lieutenant, the face of the supposed departed Smallbones.

„ Smallbones!" exclaimed the crew of the Yungfrau in a breath.

"God of mercy—help me, God of mercy!" cried Vanslyperken, aghast.

"I suppose that you do come for to go to know me now, any how," said Smallbones.

"Hath the sea given up its dead?" replied Vanslyperken, in a hollow voice.

“No, it arn’t, ’cause why? I never was a drowned,” replied Smallbones; “no thanks to you, though; but if so be as I supposes, you be a going to be hung—as I’m a good Christian, I’ll forgive you—that is, if you be hung, you know.”

Vanslyperken, who now perceived that Smallbones had been by some miracle preserved, recovered himself.

“If you forgive me,” replied Vanslyperken, “then pray do not ill treat my dog.”

“I’se not forgiven him, any how—I owes him enough, and now I’ll have his account settled, by gum. When you goes up there, he goes up here, as sure as I’m Philip Smallbones.”

“Be merciful!” exclaimed Vanslyperken, who strange to say, forgot his own miseries in pleading for his darling cur.

“He be a convicted traitor, and he shall die, by gum!” cried Smallbones, smacking his fist into the palm of his hand.

During the conversation, the time allotted to Vanslyperken had long expired, but the interest occasioned by it had inclined Sir Robert to wait till it was over.

“Enough,” cried Sir Robert, “your time is too long expired. Commend your soul to God—let the rope be manned.”

“Now Jemmy, stand by to toddle forward,” cried Smallbones.

“One moment—I ask but one moment,” cried Vanslyperken, much agitated, “only one moment, sir.”

“For what?”

“To kiss my poor dog,” replied Vanslyperken, bursting into tears; strange and almost ridiculous as was the appeal, there was a seriousness and a pathos in Vanslyperken’s words and manner, which affected those who were present like a gleam of sunshine, this one feeling which was unalloyed with baser metal shone upon the close of a worthless and wicked life, Sir Robert nodded his head, and Vanslyperken

walked with his rope round his neck over to where the dog was held by Smallbones, bent over the cur and kissed it again and again.

“Enough,” cried Sir Robert, “bring him back.”

Corporal Van Spitter took hold of Vanslyperken by the arm, and dragged him to the other side of the deck. The unfortunate wretch was wholly absorbed in the fate of his cur, who had endeavoured to follow his master. His eyes were fixed upon Snarley yow, and Snarley yow's were fixed upon his master, thus they were permitted to remain for a few seconds, when Sir Robert gave the signal. Away went the line of men who had manned the starboard whip, and away went Jemmy Ducks on the larboard side, and, at the yard arms of the cutter, were suspended the bodies of Vanslyperken and Snarley yow.

Thus perished one of the greatest scoundrels, and one of the vilest curs, which ever existed.

They were damnable in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

By the manuscript records, found in the Jacobite papers, it appears that the double execution took place on the 3d of August in the year of our Lord, 1700.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which affairs begin to wind up.

THERE are few people whose vindictive feelings are not satisfied with the death of the party against whom those feelings have been excited. The eyes of all on deck (that is all except one), were at first directed to the struggling Vanslyperken, and then, as if sickened at the sight of his sufferings, were turned away with a feeling very near akin to compassion.

One only looked or never thought of Vanslyperken, and that one was Smallbones, who watched the kicking and plunging of his natural enemy, Snarley yow. Gradually, the dog relaxed his exertions, and Smallbones watched, somewhat doubtful, whether a dog who had defied every other kind of death, would con-

descend to be hanged. At last, Snarley yow was quite still. He appeared nearly to have gone to—"Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"He won't a cum to life any more this time," said Smallbones ; "but I'll not let you out of my hands yet. They say a cat have nine lives, but, by gum, some dogs have ninety."

There was a dead silence on the deck of the cutter for a quarter of an hour, during which the bodies remained suspended. A breeze then came sweeping along and ruffled the surface of the water. This was of too great importance to allow of further delay. Sir Robert desired the seamen of the Yungfrau to come aft, told them he should take their cutter to Cherbourg, to land the women and his own people, and that then they would be free to return to Portsmouth ; all that he requested of them was to be quiet and submissive during the short time that he and his party were on board. Coble replied for the ship's company—"As for the matter of that

'ere—there was no fear of their being quiet enough when there were more than two to one against them; but that, in fact, they had no animosity: for even if they did feel a little sore at what had happened, and their messmates being wounded, what was swinging at the yard-arm made them all friends again. The gentleman might take the cutter where he pleased, and might use her as long as he liked, and when he had done with her it was quite time enough to take her back to Portsmouth."

"Well, then, as we understand one another, we had now better make sail," said Sir Robert. "Cut away that rope," continued he, pointing to the whip by which Vanslyperken's body was suspended.

Jansen stepped forward with his snickasee, the rope was divided at once, and the body of the departed Vanslyperken plunged into the wave and disappeared.

"They mayn't cut this tho!" cried Smallbones. "I'll not trust him—Jemmy, my boy,

SNARLEY YOW.

get **up** a pig of ballast. I'll sink him fifty fathoms deep, and then if so be he cum up again, why then I give it up for a bad job."

Jemmy brought up the pig of ballast, the body of Snarley yow was lowered on board, and, after having been secured with divers turns of the rope to the piece of iron, was plunged by Smallbones into the wave.

"There," said Smallbones, "I don't a think that he will ever bite me any more, any how; there's no knowing though. Now I'll just go down and see if my bag be to be found, and then I'll dress myself like a Christian."

The cutter flew before the breeze which was on her quarter, and now that the hanging was over the females came on deck. One of the Jesuit priests was a good surgeon, and attended to the wounded men, who all promised to do well, and as Bill Spurey said,

"They'd all dance yet at the corporal's wedding."

“ I say corporal, if we only could go to Amsterdam instead of going to Portsmouth.”

“ Mein Gott, yes ;” replied the corporal, and acting upon this idea, he went aft and entered into conversation with Ramsay, giving him a detail of the affair with the widow and of her having gone to the Hague to accuse Vanslyperken, ending with expressing his wish of himself and the crew that they might go to the Hague instead of going to Portsmouth. Nothing could please Ramsay better. He was most anxious to send a letter to Mynheer Krause to inform him of the safety of his daughter, and he immediately answered that they might go if they pleased.

“ Mein Gott—but how, mynheer—we no have the excuse.”

“ But I’ll give you one,” replied Ramsay—
“ you shall go to the Hague.”

The corporal touched his hat with the greatest respect, and walked forward to communicate this good news. The crew of the Yungfrau

and the conspirators or smugglers were soon on the best of terms, and as there was no one to check the wasteful expenditure of stores and no one accountable, the liquor was hoisted up on the forecastle, and the night passed in carousing.

“Well, he did love his dog after all,” said Jemmy Ducks.

“And he’s got his love with him,” replied one of the smugglers.

“Now, Jemmy, let’s have a song.”

“It must be without the fiddle then,” replied Jemmy, “for that’s jammed up with the baggage—so here goes,”

I’ve often heard the chaplain say, when Davey Jones is
nigh,
That we must call for help in need, to Providence on
high,
But then he said, most plainly too, that we must do our
best,
Our own exertions failing, leave to Providence the rest.

I never thought of this much till one day there came on
board,
A chap who ventur'd to join as *seaman* by the Lord!
His hair hung down like reef points, and his phiz was
very queer,
For his mouth was like a shark's, and turn'd down from
ear to ear.

He hadn't stow'd his hammock, not much longer than a
week,
When he swore he had a call, and the Lord he was to
seek.
Now where he went to seek the Lord, I can't at all
suppose,
'Twas not on deck for there I'm sure, he never show'd his
nose.

He would not read the Bible, it warn't good enough for
him,
The course we steered by that he said, would lead us all
to sin;
That we were damn'd and hell would gape, he often would
us tell,
I know that when I heard his jaw, it made me gape like
hell.

A storm came on, we sprung a leak, and sorely were we
tired,
We plied the pumps, 'twas spell and spell, with lots of
work beside;

And what d'ye think this beggar did, the trick I do
declare,
He called us all to leave the pumps and join with him in
prayer.

At last our boatswain Billy, who was a thund'ring Turk,
Goes up to him and says, "My man, why don't you do
your work?"

"Avaunt you worst of sinners, I must save my soul," he
cried,

"Confound your soul," says Billy, "then you shall not
save your hide."

Acquaintance then he made soon with the end of the
fore-brace,

It would have made you laugh to see his methodist face;
He grinn'd like a roast monkey, and he howl'd like a ba-
boon,

He had a dose from Billy, that he didn't forget soon.

"Take that," said Billy, when he'd done, "and now you'll
please to work,

I read the Bible often—but I don't my duty shirk,

The pumps they are not choked yet, nor do we yet
despair,

When all is up or we are saved, we'll join with you in
prayer."

"And now we'll have one from the other side
of the house," said Moggy, as soon as the plau-
dits were over.

“Come then, Anthony, you shall speak for us, and prove that we can sing a stave as well as honest men.”

“With all my heart, William ;—here’s my very best.”

The smuggler then sang as follows :

Fill, lads, fill ;
Fill, lads, fill.
Here we have a cure
For every ill.
If fortune’s unkind
As the north-east wind,
Still we must endure,
Trusting to our cure,
In better luck still.

Drink, boys, drink ;
Drink, boys, drink.
The bowl let us drain
With right good will.
If women deceive
Why should we grieve ?
Forgetting our pain,
Love make again,
With better luck still.

Sing, lads, sing ;
Sing, lads, sing.
Our voices we'll raise ;
Be merry still ;
If dead to-morrow,
We brave all sorrow.
Life's a weary maze—
When we end our days,
'Tis better luck still.

As the wounded men occupied the major part of the lower deck, and there was no accommodation for the numerous party of men and women on board, the carousing was kept up until the next morning, when, at daylight, the cutter was run into Cherbourg. The officers who came on board, went on shore with the report that the cutter belonged to the English government, and had been occupied by Sir Robert and his men, who were well known. The consequence was, an order for the cutter to leave the port immediately, as receiving her would be tantamount to an aggression on the part of France. But this

order, although given, was not intended to be rigidly enforced, and there was plenty of time allowed for Sir Robert and his people to land with their specie and baggage.

Ramsay did not forget his promise to the corporal. He went to the French authorities, stated the great importance of his forwarding a letter to Amsterdam immediately, and that the way it might be effected would be very satisfactory. That, aware that King William was at the Hague, they should write a letter informing him of the arrival of the cutter; and that his majesty might not imagine that the French government could sanction such outrages, they had sent her immediately on to him, under the charge of one of their officers, to wait upon his majesty, and express their sentiments of regret that such a circumstance should have occurred. The authorities were aware that, to obey Sir Robert would not be displeasing to the court of Versailles, and that the excuse for so doing could only be

taken as a compliment to the English court, therefore acted upon this suggestion. A French officer was sent on board of the cutter with the despatch, and Ramsay's letter to Mynheer Krause was committed to the charge of the corporal.

Before the sun had set, the Yungfrau was again at sea, and, on the third morning, anchored in her usual berth off the town of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XX.

In which we trust that every thing will be arranged to the satisfaction of our readers.

THE French officer who was sent to explain what had occasioned the arrival of the cutter in the port of Cherbourg, immediately set off for the Hague, and was received by Lord Albemarle.

As soon as his credentials had been examined, he was introduced to his majesty, King William.

“It appears,” said his majesty to Lord Albemarle, after the introduction, “that these Jacobite conspirators have saved us one trouble by hanging this traitor, Vanslyperken.”

“Yes, your majesty, he has met with his deserved punishment,” replied Lord Albemarle.

Then addressing himself to the officer, "We will return our acknowledgments for this proof of good will on the part of the French government," said his majesty, bowing. "My Lord Albemarle, you will see that this gentleman is suitably entertained."

The officer bowed low and retired.

"This is an over politeness which I do not admire," observed his majesty to Lord Albemarle. "Let that person be well watched, depend upon it the letter is all a pretext, there is more plotting going on."

"I am of your majesty's opinion, and shall be careful that your majesty's commands are put in force," replied his lordship, as King William retired into his private apartments.

The cutter had not been half an hour at anchor, before Obadiah Coble went on shore with the corporal. Their first object was to apply to the authorities, that the wounded men might be sent to the hospital, which they were before the night; the next was to deliver the

letter to Mynheer Krause. They thought it advisable to go first to the widow Vander-sloosh, who was surprised at the sight of her dear corporal, and much more enraptured when she heard that Mr. Vanslyperken and his cur had been hanged.

“ I’ll keep my word, corporal,” cried the widow, “ I told you I would not marry until he was hung, I don’t care if I marry you to-morrow.”

“ Mein Gott, yes, to-day.”

“ No, no, not to-day, corporal, or to-morrow either, we must wait till the poor fellows are out of the hospital, for I must have them all to the wedding.”

“ Mein Gott, yes,” replied the corporal.

The widow then proceeded to state how she had been thrown into a dungeon, and how she and Mynheer Krause, the syndic, had been released the next day, how Mynheer Krause’s house had been burnt to the ground, and all

the other particulars with which the reader is already acquainted.

This reminded the corporal of the letters to the Mynheer Krause, which he had for a time forgotten, and he inquired where he was to be found; but the widow was too prudent to allow the corporal to go himself—she sent Babette, who executed her commission without exciting any suspicion, and made Mynheer Krause very happy. He soon made his arrangements, and joined his daughter and Ramsay, who had not, however, awaited his arrival, but had been married the day after they landed at Cherbourg. Mynheer Krause was not a little surprised to find that his son-in-law was a Jacobite, but his incarceration and loss of his property had very much cooled his loyalty. He settled at Hamburg, and became perfectly indifferent whether England was ruled by King William or King James.

Ramsay's marriage made him also, less warm

in the good cause ; he had gained a pretty wife and a good fortune, and to be very loyal a person should be very poor. The death of King James in the year following, released him from his engagements, and, as he resided at Hamburg, he was soon forgotten, and was never called upon to embark in the subsequent fruitless attempts on the part of the Jacobites.

As it was necessary to write to the Admiralty in England, acquainting them with the fate of Mr. Vanslyperken, and demanding that another officer should be sent out to take the command of the Yungfrau, a delay of three or four weeks took place, during which the cutter remained at Amsterdam ; for Dick Short and Coble were no navigators, if they had wished to send her back ; and, moreover, she had so many of her crew at the hospital, that she was weak-handed.

It was about a month after her arrival at Amsterdam, that every soul belonging to the cutter had gone on shore, and she was left to

swing to the tide and foul her hawse, or go adrift if she pleased, for she had to take care of herself. This unusual disregard to naval instructions arose from the simple fact, that on that day was to be celebrated the marriage of widow Vandersloosh and Corporal Van Spitter.

Great, indeed, had been the preparations; all the ingenuity and talent of Jemmy Ducks, and Moggy, and Bill Spurey, for he and all the others were now discharged from the hospital, had been summoned to the assistance of the widow and Babette, in preparing and decorating the Lust Haus for the important ceremony, which the widow declared King William himself should hear of, cost what it might. Festoons of flowers, wreaths of laurel garlands from the ceiling, extra chandeliers, extra musicians, all were dressed out and collected in honour of this auspicious day.

The whole of the crew of the cutter were invited, not, however, to feast at the widow's expense; neither she nor the coporal would

stand treat;—but to spend their money in honour of the occasion. And it must be observed, that since their arrival in port, the Yungfrau had spent a great deal of money at the widow's; which was considered strange, as they had not, for some time, received any pay. And it was further observed, that none appeared so wealthy as Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter. Some had asserted that it was the gold of Mr. Vanslyperken, which had been appropriated by the crew to their own wants, considering themselves as his legitimate heirs. Whether this be true or not, it is impossible to say; certain it is, that there was no gold found in Mr. Vanslyperken's cabin when his successor took possession of it. And equally certain it was, that all the Yungfraus had their pockets full of gold, and that the major part of this gold did ultimately fall into the possession of the widow Vandersloosh, who was heard to say, that Mr. Vanslyperken had paid the expenses of her wedding. From these facts col-

lected, we must leave the reader to draw what inference he may please.

The widow beautifully dressed;—a white kersey petticoat, deep blue stockings, silver buckles in her shoes, a scarlet velvet jacket, with long flaps before and behind, a golden cross six inches long, suspended to a velvet ribbon, to which was attached, half-way between the cross and her neck, a large gold heart, gold earrings, and on her head an ornament, which, in Holland and Germany, is called a *zitternabel*, shook and trembled as she walked along to church, hanging on the arm of her dear corporal. Some of the bridges were too narrow to admit the happy pair to pass abreast. The knot was tied. The name Vandersloosh was abandoned without regret, for the sharper one of Van Spitter; and flushed with joy, and the thermometer at ninety-six, the cavalcade returned home, and refreshed themselves with some beer of the Frau Van Spitter's own brewing.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that they dined tête-à-tête ; no, no—the corporal and his wife were not so churlish as that. The dinner party consisted of a chosen set, the most particular friends of the corporal. Mr. Short, first officer and boatswain, Mr. William Spurey, Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury ; and last, although not the least important person in this history, Philip Smallbones, Esquire, who having obtained money some how, was now remarkable for the neatness of his apparel. The fair widow, assisted by Moggy and Babette, cooked the dinner, and when it was ready came in from the kitchen as red as a fury and announced it : and then it was served up, and they all sat down to table in the little parlour. It was very close, the gentlemen took off their jackets, and the widow and Moggy fanned themselves, and the enormous demand by evaporation was supplied with foaming beer. None could have done the honours of the table better than the

corporal, and his lady who sat melting and stuck together on the little fubsy sofa, which had been the witness of so much pretended and so much real love.

But the Lust Haus is now lighted up, the company are assembling fast; Babette is waddling and trotting like an armadillo from corner to corner: Babette here, and Babette there, it is Babette every where. The room is full, and the musicians have commenced tuning their instruments; the party run from the table to join the rest. A general cheer greets the widow as she is led into the room by the corporal—for she had asked many of her friends as well as the crew of the Yungfrau, and many others came who were not invited; so that the wedding day, instead of disbursement, produced one of large receipt to the happy pair.

“Now then, corporal, you must open the ball with your lady,” cried Bill Spurey.

“Mein Gott, yes.”

“What shall it be, Madam Van Spitter?”

“A waltz, if you please.”

The musicians struck up a waltz, and Corporal Van Spitter, who had no notion of waltzing, further than having seen the dance performed by others, seized his wife by the waist, who, with an amorous glance, dropped her fat arm upon the corporal's shoulder. This was the signal for the rest—the corporal had made but one turn before a hundred couple more were turning also—the whole room seemed turning. The corporal could not waltz, but he could turn—he held on fast by the widow, and with such a firm piece of resistance he kept a centrifugal balance, and without regard to time or space, he increased his velocity at a prodigious rate. Round they went, with the dangerous force of the two iron balls suspended to the fly-wheel which regulate the power of some stupendous steam-engine.

The corporal would not, and his better half

could not, stop. The first couple they came in contact with were hurled to the other side of the room; a second and a third fell, and still the corporal wheeled on; two chairs and a table were swept away in a moment. Three young women, with baskets of cakes and nuts, were thrown down together, and the contents of all their baskets scattered on the floor; and, "Bravo, corporal!" resounded from the crew of the Yungfrau—Babette and two bottles of ginger beer were next demolished; Jemmy Ducks received a hoist, and Smallbones was flatted to a pancake. Every one fled from the orbit of these revolving spheres, and they were left to wheel by themselves. At last, Mrs. Van Spitter finding that nothing else would stop her husband, who, like all heavy bodies, once put in motion, returned it in proportion to his weight, dropped down, and left him to support her whole weight. This was more than the corporal could stand, and it brought him up

all standing—he stopped, dropped his wife, and reeled to a chair, for he was so giddy that he could not keep his legs, and so out of breath that he had lost his wind.

“Bravo, corporal!” was shouted throughout the room, while his spouse hardly knew whether she should laugh, or scold him well; but, it being the wedding night, she deferred the scolding for that night only, and she gained a chair, and fanned and wiped, and fanned and wiped again. The corporal, shortly afterwards, would have danced again, but Mrs. Van Spitter having had quite enough for that evening: she thanked him for the offer, was satisfied with his prowess, but declined on the score of the extreme sultriness of the weather; to which observation, the corporal replied, as usual,

“Mein Gott, yes.”

The major part of the evening was passed in dancing and drinking. The corporal and his wife, with Babette, now attending to the wants

of their customers, who, what with the exercise, the heat of the weather, and the fumes of tobacco, were more than usually thirsty, and as they became satisfied with dancing, so did they call for refreshments.

But we cannot find space to dwell upon the quantity of beer, the variety of liquors which were consumed at this eventful wedding, with which we wind up our eventful history ; nor even to pity the breathless, flushed, and overheated Babette, who was so ill the next day, as to be unable to quit her bed ; nor can we detail the jokes, the merriment, and the songs which went round, the peals of laughter, the loud choruses, the antic feats performed by the company ; still more impossible would it be to give an idea of the three tremendous cheers, which shook the Lust Haus to its foundations, when Corporal and Mistress Van Spitter, upon their retiring, bade farewell to the company assembled.

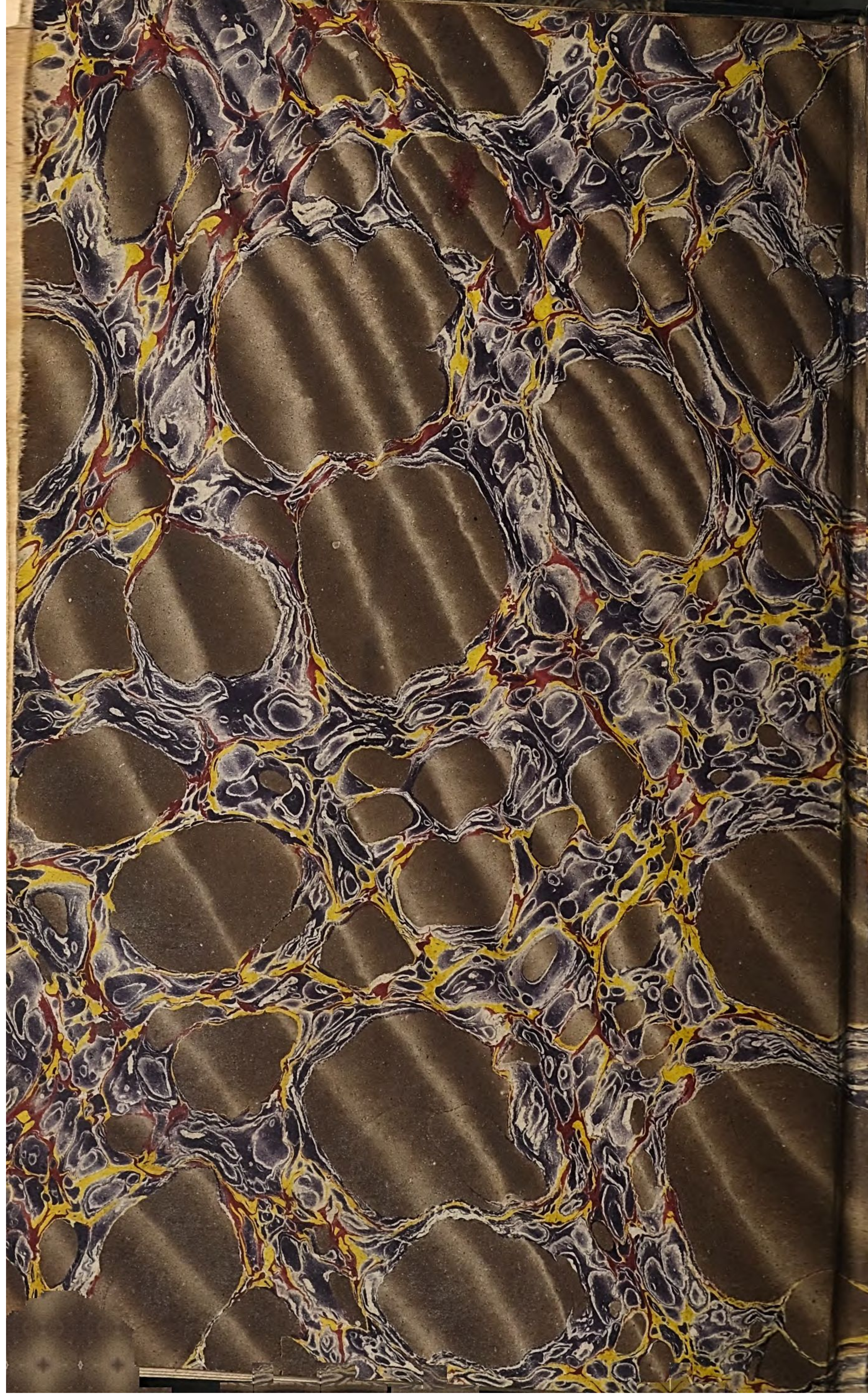
The observation of Jemmy Salisbury, as he waddled out, was as correct as it was emphatic :

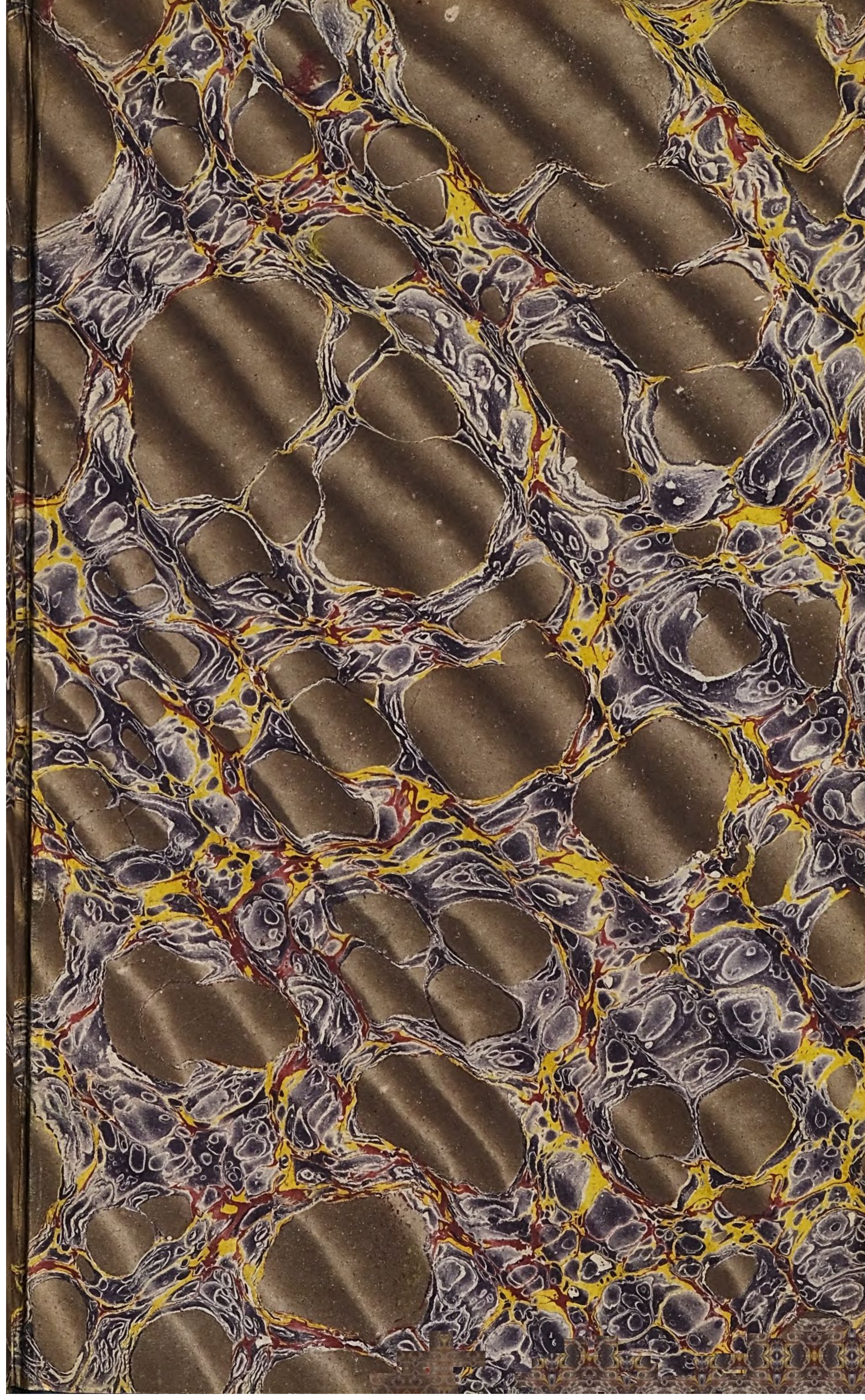
“ Well, Bob, this *has been* a spree ! ”

“ Yes,” replied Bob Short.

THE END.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.







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